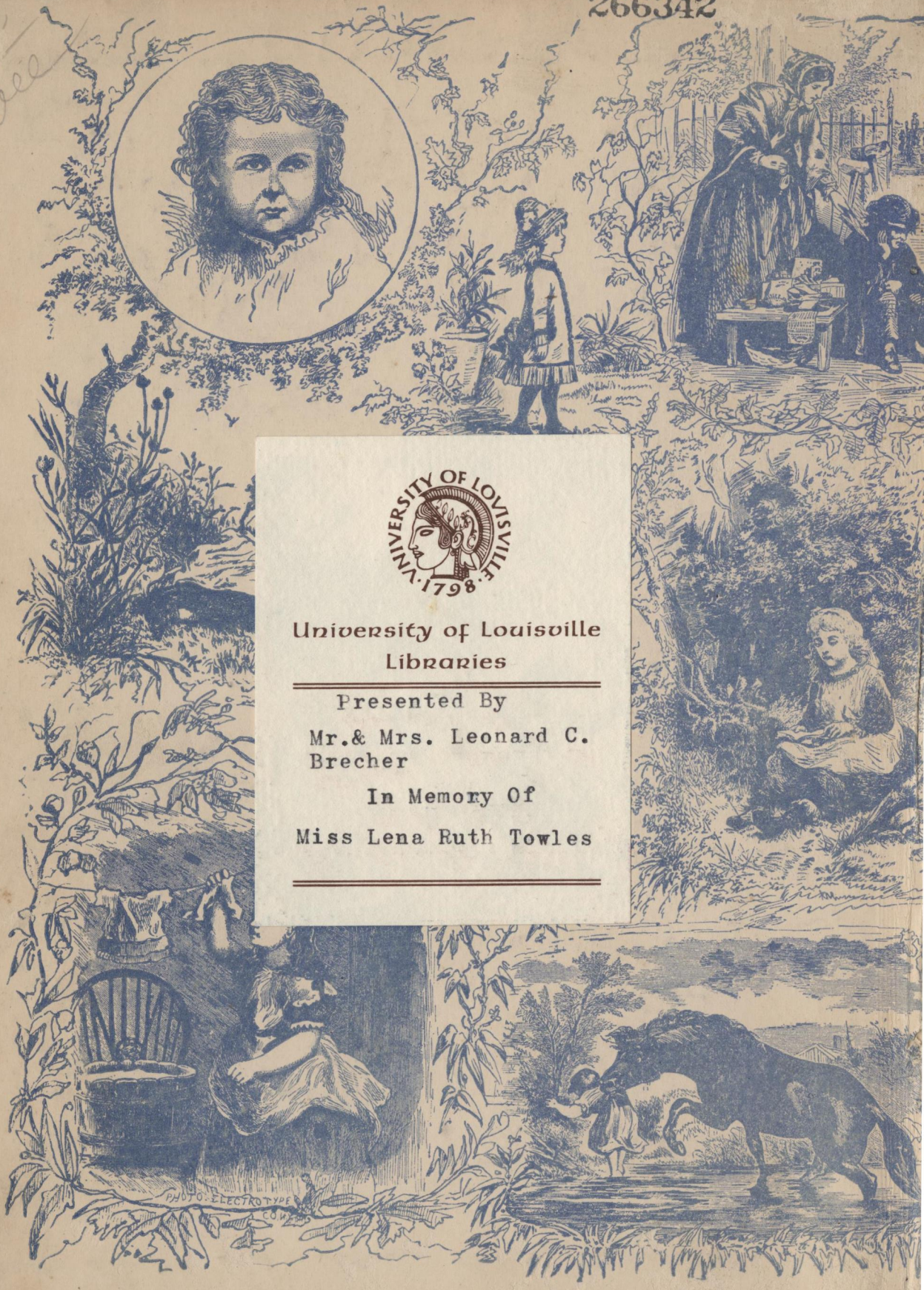
SUNDAY

CHATTERBOX

NEW YORK R WORTHINGTON 770 BROADWAY

266342



University of Louisville
Libraries

Presented By

Mr.& Mrs. Leonard C. Brecher

In Memory Of

Miss Lena Ruth Towles

DATE DUE

GAYLORD PRINTED IN U.S.A.

Annie
from
Papa

December 25th 1880

SUNDAY

CHATTERBOX

NEW YORK · R. WORTHINGTON · 770 BROADWAY

BV
4817
.S86
1880

COPYRIGHT,
1880,
By R. WORTHINGTON.

New York: J. J. Little & Co., Printers,
10 to 20 Astor Place.

266342

Holding Rover.

WE once had a very large, handsome dog whose name was "Rover." He was a very clever dog as well as a handsome one, and would fetch papa's boots, open the door, ring the bell, and carry all manner of things. One stormy winter's night papa was driving home from the city. It was very dark, and the wind blew off papa's hat, and carried it away behind. Before papa could stop the horses, Rover made a bound on to the wheel and scrambled into the seat with the hat in his mouth, not much the worse, and then jumping down resumed his position behind the carriage. He used to delight in accompanying me in my rambles round the house, when I would get a ribbon round his neck, and we used to have great fun. If he saw any one approaching the house, he used to make a bound; but when I said "Quiet, Rover," he would look up, as much as to say, "All right, I will look after you," and resume his usual playful manner. Papa hid the handle of an ax in a hedge, and pointed it out to Rover. The next day he was told to go and fetch it, when he trotted off and returned with it, looking quite pleased at his feat. So you see "Rover" was not only handsome but clever also.

LOVABLE GIRLS.—Girls without an undesirable love of liberty and craze for individualism, girls who will let themselves be guided, girls who have the filial sentiment well developed and who feel the love of a daughter for the woman who acts as their mother, girls who know that every day and all day long cannot be devoted to holiday-making without the intervention of duties more or less irksome, girls who when they can gather them accept their roses with frank and girlish sincerity of pleasure, and when they are denied submit without repining to the inevitable hardship of circumstances—these are the girls whose companionship gladdens and does not oppress or distract the old, whose sweetness and ready submission to reasonable control of authority make life so pleasant and their charge so light to those whose care they are; these are the girls who become good wives in the future, and, in their turn, wise and understanding mothers, and who have to choose out of many where others are sought of none. The leaven of them keeps society sweet and pure; for, if all English girls were as recalcitrant as some are, men might bid adieu to the woman and the home according to the ideal hitherto cherished.

LET the members of households ever remember that at home there should be peace and unity, though all the world be at war. Those bound by the ties of kindred should uphold each other, and bear with each other's foibles and hide them from strangers' eyes. Those who dwell under the same home-roof must fight under one flag or be defeated. Policy, if not good feeling, should bind together the members of every household.

Deeds are fruits—words are but leaves.

Eastern Water-Carriers.

HERE they stand, dressed in the same garb and occupied in the same work as the Bible women of olden time.—"When, behold, Rebekah came out, with her pitcher on her shoulder," holding it with one hand, no doubt, just as we see the maidens in our picture. It is the business of these Eastern girls to fetch water. They put on their best clothes, and, morning and evening, when it is cool and pleasant, they troop down to the wells to fill their pitchers and to gossip a little about the doings of their neighbors, and if they see a weary traveler they will offer him a cool drink. Some of the women carry water-skins made of goat or camel-skins, instead of stone jars—"leathern buckets to draw water with, bottles old and rent and bound up." If you were to go to Egypt you might see men carrying such water-skins filled with water from the Nile. They are called *sackkas;* and as they go along they cry in a loud voice, "Oh, may God compensate me!" Then people know that cool water is to be had, for nothing, perhaps, if it is a saint's day. Well might our Lord assure the Jews that for a cup of cold water given in His name they should not lose their reward.

FAITHFULNESS IN LITTLE THINGS.—It may be ours only to sow little seeds of love and kindness in some neglected corner of our own surroundings, or to uproot from our own hearts noxious weeds which may be thriving there; or it may be our mission only to suffer the will of God. But, if we be faithful in that which is least, striving in each little moment to know and do God's will concerning it and us, ours may be a record of more perfect days, and we shall obtain an enduring crown—a crown far more bright and beautiful than ever rested on the head of an earthly monarch.

WHEN you bury an old animosity, never mind putting up a tombstone.

A POINT OF COURTESY.—There is one little piece of kindness which almost all, old and young, have opportunities to perform, and by the practice of which they can very materially add to the comfort and happiness of less fortunate persons. It is to avoid looking at deformities or marks of disease when they are met in the street or the home. The keen suffering given to a sensitive person—and all persons with a noticeable deformity may well be supposed to be sensitive on that subject—is such as one who has felt it can alone understand to the full. Of course it is the most natural thing for the eye to fall upon that which is marked or unusual; but that is a poor excuse for unkindness. We ought deliberately to school ourselves not to add by look or by word to the unhappiness of those who have already enough to bear.

PRAYER will make us leave off sinning, or sinning will make us leave off praying.

Song of the Birds.

LISTEN to the birds, dear,
Listen to the birds,
Singing to the morning breeze,
Singing to the listening trees,
Songs that have no words, dear;
But we know the birdies sing
To the praise of Him who made them,
And who fashioned everything.

Watch them soaring sunward,
Singing as they soar;
Singing to the day begun,
Singing to the smiling sun,
While his bright beams pour
Over hill and plain, dear,
And over holt and lea;
On the glancing river dancing,
Gleaming golden on the sea.

MR. RUSKIN ON BIBLE READING.—Mr. Ruskin, in the *Fors Clavigera*, says: How much I owe to my mother for having so exercised me in the Scriptures as to make me grasp them in what my correspondent would call their "concrete whole;" and, above all, taught me to reverence them as transcending all thought and adorning all conduct! This she effected not by her own sayings or personal authority, but simply by compelling me to read the book thoroughly for myself. As soon as I was able to read with fluency she began a course of Bible work with me, which never ceased till I went to Oxford. She read alternate verses with me, watching at first every intonation of my voice, and correcting the false ones, till she made me understand the verse, if within my reach, rightly and energetically. It might be beyond me altogether; *that* she did not care about; but she made sure that as soon as I got hold of it at all I should get hold of it by the right end. In this way she began with the first verse of Genesis and went straight through to the last verse of the Apocalypse; hard names, numbers, Levitical law, and all; and began again at Genesis next day. If a name was hard, the better the exercise in pronunciation; if a chapter was tiresome, the better lesson in patience; if loathsome, the better the lesson in faith, that there was some use in its being so outspoken. After our chapters (from two or three a day, according to their length, the first thing after breakfast, and no interruption from servants allowed—none from visitors, who either joined in the reading or had to stay up-stairs—and none from any visitings or excursions, except real traveling), I had to learn a few verses by heart, or repeat, to make sure I had not lost something of what was already known; and, with the chapters above enumerated, I had to learn the whole body of the fine old Scottish paraphrases, which are good, melodious, and forceful verse, and to which, together with the Bible itself, I owe the first cultivation to my ear in sound. It is strange that, of all the pieces of the Bible which my mother thus taught me, that which cost me most to learn, and which was, to my child's mind, chiefly repulsive—the 119th Psalm—has now become of all the most precious to me in its overflowing and glorious passion of love for the law of God.

The Creation of Light.

IN the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, Let there be light: and there was light!

His voice broke the silence. At his command the dark clouds parted, and his smile rested upon the earth like a benediction.

The shadows rolled away like mist before the morning sun.

The mountains took shape, and were crowned with splendor.

The valleys stretched from sea to sea, and marked their boundary lines.

The great oceans, the rivers and lakes, and all the little streams danced joyously and reflected the glory that shone down upon them.

Order and beauty began their reign, and oh! what a scene of matchless splendor was that upon which the Great Creator looked down after he had said, Let there be light!

And God saw the light that it was good; and God divided the light from the darkness. And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night.

And the evening and the morning were the first day.

HAPPINESS.—Most of the wrong-doing in the world comes from an uneasy craving for pleasure of some sort. The desire for revenge produces all kinds of malicious and hateful conduct; the yearning for gain suggests dishonesty, fraud, oppression, injustice; the appetite for sensual gratification leads to gluttony, intemperance, and vice. A state of true happiness would render these cravings impossible; the higher gratifications once thoroughly enjoyed, no room would be left for the lower. The great happiness of love annihilates revenge and malice; sympathetic pleasures extinguish selfish ones; pure and innocent recreations, cheerful society, and wholesome habits preclude the temptations to vicious courses. In a word, happiness, in its truest meaning and best forms, is the foe to wrong-doing, and in this sense it may be said that those who are happy are good.

THE science of life may be thus epitomized—to know well the price of time, the value of things, and the worth of people.

PURITY OF SPEECH.—One of the highest characteristics of manhood is purity of speech. Nothing will make a man's influence and reputation become a wreck more speedily than improper conversation.

CULTURE should not be rare. We want a cultured class; men and women in whom the processes of civilization have done their perfect work in capacity to think, in felicity of expression, in breadth and accuracy of knowledge, in fineness of manners, in the sense of beauty, in the art of living, in wisdom alike to use or dispense with riches.

The Sea-Gull's Home.

ROBERT CARTER and Walter Kingdon were friends as well as schoolfellows, and their friendship for each other often led them into difficulties. Walter was a good-tempered boy, with an open, truthful disposition; but Robert's was of a different character, being crafty, selfish, and cowardly.

"I say, Wattie," said Carter.

"Well," said Walter.

"Let's go and look for a gull's nest."

"All right. Come on, Lewis. I hope we shall find one; but it's hard to get at them—they build so far down."

The boys now walked along the extreme verge of the cliff, peering down, but for some time nothing but clumps of samphire and patches of sea-pink were to be seen. At length, however, a shout from Bob brought the others to his side.

"There—there—don't you see," he cried, excitedly; "down there, on that ledge of rock among the tall grass—can't you see two young birds? Look! they're opening their beaks. Oh! if we could only get them before the old bird comes back."

"Well, we can't," said Walter, quickly; "there isn't a hole to put your foot in, and it's too far to reach over. No one but Brian Molloy with his rope could get that nest."

"You're afraid," said Bob with a sneer

"No, I'm not afraid, Bob, but I couldn't get that nest without a rope; if *you* can, why don't you get it yourself?"

But that was not what Carter wanted. He had made up his mind to have the nest, and meant to make Walter a cat's-paw. He unfolded his plan: Walter was to lie down on his chest and lean over the edge; Bob was to hold him fast by the legs, and Lewis to clutch hold of Bob.

This was agreed upon, and Walter took off his coat and leaned over the ledge. He almost touched the nest, when all at once the earth gave way, and Walter and Robert fell over. Lewis was horrified; but when he regained his senses he gave the alarm, and after a while a man was let down with a rope and rescued the two boys, who had been caught by some brushwood about half-way down. They were hauled to the top, and it was found that Robert was very badly hurt, and would be a cripple for life, but Walter had almost escaped injury. They have ever since kept away from the cliffs, and their love of gulls nests has ceased.

DON'T FRET.—One fretter or despairer can destroy the peace of a family, can destroy the harmony of neighborhoods, can unsettle the councils of cities, and hinder the legislation of nations. He who frets or desponds is never the one who mends, who heals, who repairs evil; more, he discourages, enfeebles, and too often disables those around him, who, but for the gloom and depression of his company, would do good work and keep up brave cheer. The effect upon a sensitive person in the mere presence of such a being is indescribable. It is to the soul what a cold, icy mist is to the body—more chilling than the bitterest storm.

Waiting an Answer.

THIS bright-looking youth is employed as a page in the service of some noble or royal personage, and is waiting an answer in response to some missive sent. The practice of employing youths of noble birth in personal attendance on the sovereign existed in early times among the Persians, and was revived in the middle ages, under feudal and chivalric usages. The young nobleman then passed in courts and castles through the degree of page, preparatory to being admitted to the further degrees of esquire and knight. The practice of educating the higher nobility as pages at court, began to decline after the fifteenth century, till pages became what they are now, mere relics of feudal usages. Four pages of honor, who are personal attendants of the sovereign, form part of the state of the British court. They receive a salary, and on attaining a suitable age receive from Queen Victoria a commission in the army.

EDUCATION. — Education is not so much a positive and unmixed good in itself, as a power capable of producing good. This is often overlooked by those who make the most strenuous and laudable efforts to raise the coming generation intellectually and socially. They see so clearly the need of mental development and the benefits which it is capable of producing, that they very naturally conclude that, when they have secured it for the young beings who are to manage the world in a few years, they have done all that is needful to fit them for their important and responsible duties. The truth is, that education, in the popular meaning of the word, gives strength, energy, capacity, and influence, but not direction. It puts a valuable tool into the hands, but does not always give the wisdom to use it. It enables the future man and woman to accomplish great results, but does not always insure that they shall be good as well as great. It makes its fortunate possessor a larger, more powerful, and more important factor in the community, but whether for good or for evil it cannot determine.

FOR GIRLS.—Many young girls do not understand the witchery of bright eyes and rosy lips, but set off their beauty by all the artificial means that lie in their power, never reflecting that by so doing they destroy their principal charm — that of innocence. The rounded cheeks, the bright eyes, the waving hair of a girl in her "teens," need only the simplest setting. Rich fabrics and sumptuous adorning are more for the matron, her dress gaining in ample fold and graceful sweep as she puts on the dignity of years. The seasons teach us something here, if we go to Nature for an object-lesson. How different her charm from the deep, maturing summer, when the hues are decided, and the air is loaded with the perfume of a thousand censers! The school-girl is only on the threshold of summer. She has not crossed it yet. Let her copy the sweet grace of the spring on her graduation day, and discard artificiality.

On Christmas Day in the Morning.

TWO little maidens, Nelly and Sue,
With the aid of their dear sister Prue,
Sang a carol one Christmas morning;
And this is the song those girls did sing,
While "all the bells on earth did ring
On Christmas Day in the morning."

This is the ever sacred morn
When Christ in Bethlehem was born,
Then let us in glad homage raise
Our hearts and voices in His praise.
Poor is our best attempt, we know,
But He doth judge the heart, and so—
If we but strive to do aright,
And be well-pleasing in His sight—
Our song may be as sweet to Him
As that of quiring Cherubim.

With Christ for pattern, let us pray
For all mankind on this blest day—
For Christian people, and as well
For all who on this earth do dwell:
For His sweet grace is unconfined,
And wooing as the soft south wind;
More bounteous than the summer rain,
Fast ripening flower and fruit and grain;
More largely liberal than the sun,
That sheds its beams on every one.
Nor, while we pray for others, let
Us our poor feeble selves forget,
But beg of God's all-loving care
A larger, deeper, tenderer share.

No costly gifts or odors sweet,
Have we to lay at Jesus' feet;
Only the simple offering
Of children's humble praise we bring.
What, though we are not great or wise,
A loving heart He most doth prize:
So as we grow in years, may we
More tender and more gracious be,
And thus make daily life divine
As worship at a sacred shrine;
Each household duty's least event
Made holy as a sacrament.
O let us ever children be
In innocent simplicity;
Though steadfast in our purpose, still
In all things bending to His will;
With prompt obedience acquiescing
In chastisement as well as blessing.

Thus ever striving for the good,
And taking it as daily food,
Ourselves with Christian grace adorning,
We may His praise the better sing,
While "all the bells on earth do ring
On Christmas Day in the morning."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.—We shall not succeed in being pleasant abroad if we practice nothing but detestability at home. If a husband is rude to his wife, his politeness to others is a mere surface sham. If a young man is rude to his mother, he is not truly courteous to any one else. If he does not act as rudely towards some others, it is because he is a coward as well as a ruffian, and is afraid to do it. He who is rude to a sister or a younger brother will be rude to all, except those whom he sees holding vengeance in their fists. And awkwardly enough will he play the agreeable to other people's sisters, who has practiced nothing but the arts of torment upon his own.

BE KINDLY AFFECTIONED ONE TO ANOTHER WITH BROTHERLY LOVE; IN HONOUR PREFERRING ONE ANOTHER:

ROM: XII. X.

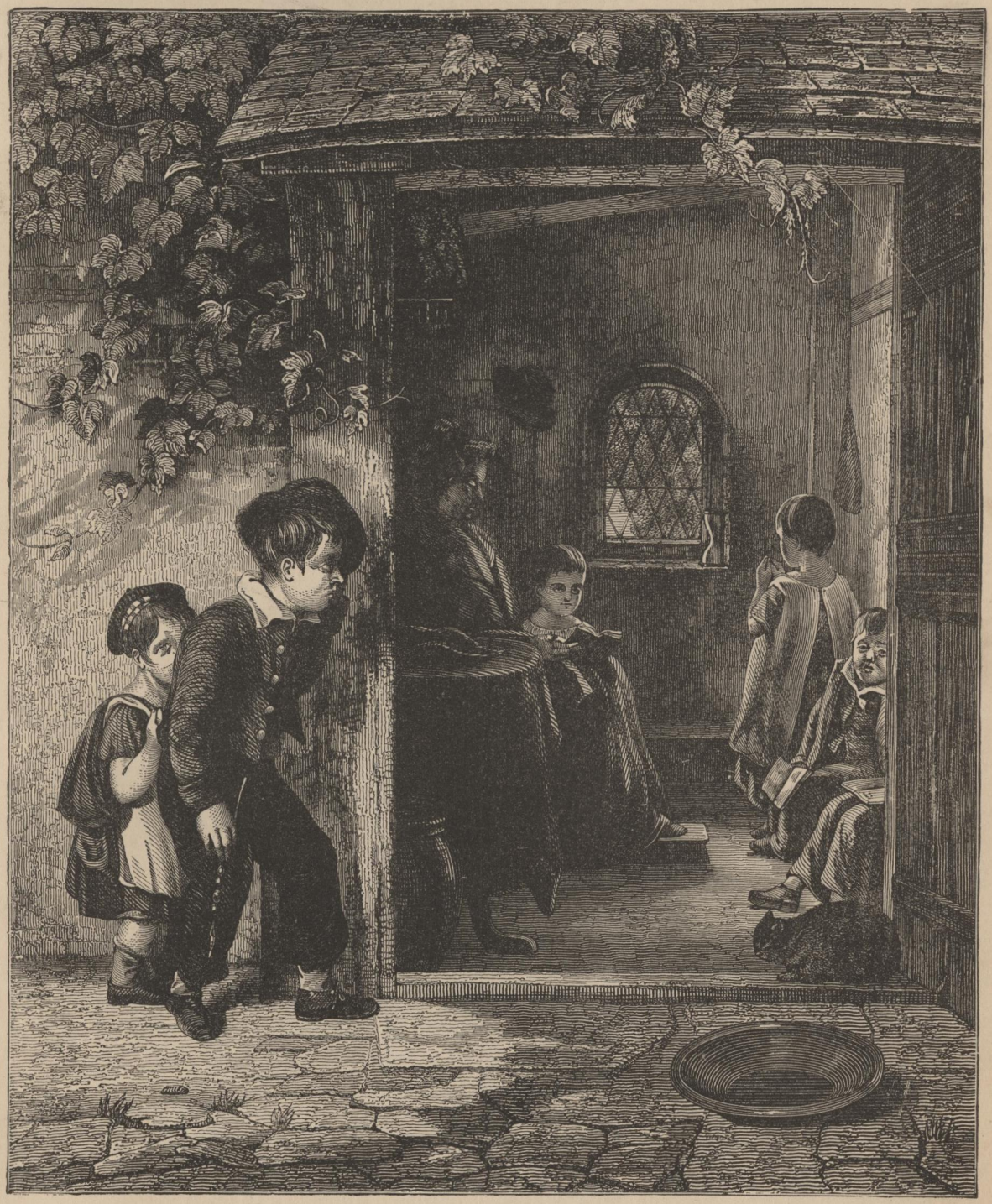
The Little Truants.

DELIGHTING in the bright sunny morning, William and his little sister played truants from school, and amused themselves until nearly noon. Then, frightened at their tardiness, they hastened to the school-room door, breathless and trembling, and looked in, hoping the school-mistress would be so busily engaged as not to observe their entrance. But her quick eye detected them, and severe punishment followed. Thus it is later in life. We each have our watchful school-mistress; it may be public opinion or conscience. It is surely something within or without us, detecting our short-comings, and bringing us to judgment. How careful should we be, then, never to play truant from Right and Truth. Learn to go to school bright and early, and when in school give all your attention to your teacher and your lessons, and you will be sure to turn out to be a very smart man or woman. If you play truant it is doubtful if you ever will.

COMMON SENSE.—The phrase "common-sense" is generally applied to individuals, and used to indicate a certain style of character. It designates a man who is well ballasted, and moves on an even keel, one who is not carried away by the winds of passion or warped by prejudice, one who does not change his mind very often, and is not easily led astray by dreamy and speculative people. When the coast is clear and the light is strong, he moves boldly and confidently—but he always feels his way in the dark. He is circumspect—that is, as the etymology of the word indicates, he looks all around before acting, and not merely in one direction. He very rarely, if ever, makes a fool of himself—this a great thing to say of a man. He is not given to boasting, and does not parade himself ostentatiously before the public. He is superior to shams, however high-sounding. He judges men according to what they are, and not according to what they call themselves.

A TRUE LADY.—A true lady not only is always at ease, no matter with whom she is conversing, but she contrives also to make her companion as much at ease as herself. Some people, quite unintentionally, cause uncomfortable pauses in conversation, simply by the habit of hearing in perfect silence a remark which is not actually a question. It is not that they wish to ignore it, but it does not occur to them that a reply or comment is required, so the unfortunate utterer of the remark feels snubbed, and ceases to chat with the same animation as before. One simple rule to bear in mind will go a great way toward winning the reputation of being a pleasant companion. It is, always to show some interest in whatever is said to you.

IF we would be great and worthy, we must make ourselves so; we shall assuredly not drift into nobleness. Only by painful and persistent care can we rise up to our best selves, only by diligent spiritual husbandry eradicate the weeds and cultivate the grain.



Trinity Church, New York.

THE first church edifice of this parish was completed in 1697, on the ground granted it by William and Mary, and now occupied by the present building. It stood unchanged for forty years, when it was rebuilt. In 1776 it was destroyed by the great fire. After a lapse of twelve years it was rebuilt, but in 1839 was pulled down because considered unsafe.

The present building was finished in 1846, and is justly regarded as one of the most pleasing and perfect specimens of Gothic architecture in the city. The magnificent spire—the tallest in New York—is 284 feet high, and contains a fine chime of bells. The entire edifice is built of brown sand-stone. The interior, with its groined roof supported by carved Gothic columns, is grand and impressive. The chancel contains an altar and reredos of carved stone, erected as a memorial to the late William B. Astor, by his sons.

The churchyard contains many tombstones, dating back as far as 1697, and also the graves and monuments of Alexander Hamilton and Captain Lawrence, also the martyrs' monument, erected to the memory of the "Patriotic Americans who died during the Revolution in British Prisons."

To Poor Boys.—Never sit down despairingly and say, "It is impossible for me to rise in the world. I am only a poor boy. There is no chance for me." Why, it is just such as you who have risen highest and become men whose names are known throughout the world, who thoroughly understood at the outset that their fortunes were in their own hands, and that hope, and energy, and effort, were better than all the family influence in the world. Inherited wealth seems to be actually enervating. Talents too often lie disused in the hands of rich men's sons. What need of striving? they think; competence is theirs; and often such men squander the fortunes they have not earned, and lives that began in luxury end in beggary. "No living soul will ever give me a penny," seems to be about as wholesome a prophecy as a boy can read in the book of fate. Despair because you are poor? Why, that is the very reason that should bid you hope! The biographies of most great men, of most successful men, will tell you that, if you but read them.

To Girls.—Be cheerful, but not gigglers; be serious, but not dull; be communicative, but not forward; be kind, but not servile. Beware of silly, thoughtless speeches; although you may forget them, others will not. Beware of levity and familiarity with young men; a modest reserve, without affectation, is the only safe path. Court and encourage conversation with those who are truly serious and conversable; do not go into good company without endeavoring to improve by the intercourse permitted to you. Nothing is more unbecoming, when one part of a company is engaged in profitable conversation, than that another part should be trifling, giggling, and talking comparative nonsense to each other.

BROADWAY

Adam and Eve driven out of Eden.

AFTER God had made the world, he formed Adam and Eve, and gave them a beautiful garden to live in. Everything was prepared for the enjoyment of our first parents, for whose delight the flowers bloomed, and the trees yielded every variety of fruit.

God had said to Adam, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat: But of the tree of knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.

Satan, in the form of a serpent, came to Eve and tempted her to eat of the forbidden fruit. It was not the fruit that tempted her, but the desire to know why God had forbidden them to eat of the tree of life.

Eve tasted the fruit, and gave to Adam to taste also.

God was very angry at their disobedience, and their sin brought great sorrow into the world.

When Adam and Eve were walking in the garden in the cool of the day, they heard the voice of the Lord God, and hid themselves from his presence. But God called them before him, and then drove them out of the beautiful garden of Eden, and commanded them to work and toil as they never had been obliged to do while they had enjoyed his favor.

And God placed at the east end of the garden of Eden a cherubim, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life.

MANNER.— Lack of refinement in one's manner or incivility in one's ordinary personal address ought to be a matter of regret to the person whose daily life displays such a defect. But it is by no means uncommon for men and women to think, or to pretend they think, that rudeness of manner and neglect of the courtesies of life are evidence of a strong character, and that a coarse and uncivil habit of speech is an admirable proof that the speaker is a "plain, blunt person," who is above shams and pretences. Nevertheless, while rudeness may exist along with strength of character and integrity, it is always a blemish to them, and never a help.

THERE is one field where educated women are in demand. That is the home. The educated woman is the best wife, the best mother, the best housekeeper, the best economist. The "coming men" could afford to pay all the expenses of a full training for their future wives, merely for the greater good they would receive from them. Six years of hard study are well invested, if for nothing more than to be able to answer a thousand questions which curious youngsters will be asking in a few years.

TALENT is power; tact is skill. Talent is weight; tact is momentum. Talent knows what to do; tact knows how to do it. Talent makes a man respectable; tact will make him respected. Talent is wealth; tact is ready-money. For all the practical purposes of life tact carries it against talent in the proportion of ten to one.

The Baby.

WHERE did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into the here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
Something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get that pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherub's wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought of *you*, and so I am here.

LITTLE THINGS.—It is only a little thing—only a small sacrifice—therefore it is not appreciated. How many admirable actions are overlooked because they are little and common? Take, for instance, the mother who has had broken slumber, if any at all, with the nursing babe, whose wants must not be disregarded; she would fain sleep a while when the breakfast-hour comes, but patiently and uncomplainingly she takes her timely seat at the table. Though exhausted and weary, she serves all with a refreshing cup of coffee or tea, before she sips any herself; and often the cup is handed back before she has time to taste her own. Do you hear her complain—this weary mother—that her breakfast is cold before she has time to eat it? And this is not for one, but for every morning perhaps, through the year. Do you call this a small thing? Try it and see. Oh, how woman shames man by her forbearance and fortitude, in what are called little things! It is these little things that are tests of character. It is by these "little" self-denials, borne with such self-forgotten gentleness, that the humblest home is made beautiful, though we fail to see it, alas, until the chair is vacant, and the hand that kept in motion all the domestic machinery is powerless and cold!

A CELEBRATED philosopher used to say, "The favors of fortune are like steep rocks—only eagles and creeping things mount to the summit.

How I Won the Prize.

I WAS considered a dull boy when I first went to school. I had two brothers, one older and the other younger than myself, and they had both received prizes at examinations, but no one thought me capable of obtaining one. It was March, and in the following June there was to be a special distribution of prizes; one of the chief features of the examination day was to be recitations, and various books were quoted from which to select our orations. My brothers Willie and Harry spoke with much glee about their prospects of prizes, and pointing to me said, 'Poor Charlie! will he manage to carry off a wooden spoon?'

"Their words troubled me, and troubled my poor mother too, I could plainly see. Yet, by way of encouragement, she patted me on the back, saying, 'Never mind; Charlie will make as good a man as any of you,' and took great pains in hearing me say my lessons.

"There was one present, however, who took special notice of these remarks, though I did not know it at the time, and that was a little cousin named Louisa. She was paying us a long visit, as her father and mother had gone abroad for a time. Though only a little girl of ten years, she had twice as much sense as any of us boys, could read and write well, could recite poetry like a full-grown lady, and could stitch and embroider to perfection.

"She made no comment that evening, but the next morning she rapped at my bedroom door very early, saying, 'Charlie, I am going to the farm to fetch the milk, and I want you to go with me.'

"I wished her far enough at the time, for, like all stupid boys, 'a little more sleep, a little more slumber,' was considered by me a luxury. However, my cousin was so pressing that I was obliged to get up.

"We had to go down a country lane to a farmhouse for the milk; it was quite half a mile distant from our cottage, and during the walk there and back, Louisa, in her pretty little delicate way, impressed upon my mind that it was quite possible for me to get a prize; nay, that the thing was a certainty if I would only try my best. 'Now,' she said, 'from this day, you know, I am to be your governess, and you'll have to obey me; but you must not tell anybody. It must be a secret. But won't we surprise them all!'

"Every day it seemed easier to get up in the morning, and as the days lengthened we started earlier for the milk, so that we could have quite an hour on the road. Then in the evening we took a ramble in the fields and lanes, sitting under shady trees as the summer advanced.

"My little governess made such progress with her pupil that the schoolmaster looked upon me with approbation, and by the time the distribution of prizes was to take place, I felt confident of success, although somewhat timorous. When the eventful day came, I was found fully prepared, passed my examination, and received my prize. I returned home that day very happy, and very, very thankful to my dear little governess.

Sowing in Tears.

WE went forth sorrowing at the break of day,
Cloud follow'd cloud, and in a wild affray
Piled up black mountains in the sunken west,
And we came following on the dead cold breast
Of wintry earth, and cast our seed abroad.

"In faith," said a still voice, "as to our God;"
But tear-dimm'd we cry, "Who art thou, Lord?
And who are we, toil-weary, sick of heart,
Sowing this seed? Oh, have we any part
In Thy great harvest, or must others reap?"

The still voice answered not. Silent as day
Our Master hideth Him; and we, we keep
Our sad procession through the barren field
And never first-fruit does our labor yield,
But round about us falls the rain of tears.

One day with Thee, we know, is as our years,
And our long year one day to Thee appears.
Sick, sick of hope, so far removed, so lone,
Only the wind soughs mocking of our moan,
We are brought very low, and none doth mark.

VERY WELL.—"How d'ye do?" "Oh, very well, thank you!" How lightly we say it; yet what a question it is, and what a wonderful thing, in this world of suffering and accident, to be actually able to answer that we are very well! Nevertheless, we do not even utter the words gravely, or with the thought that God has especially blessed us, unless after some long and serious illness, in which we have learnt the value of health. The man who should always follow his "very well" with a thanksgiving to the Almighty would perhaps be considered anxious to exhibit his piety; but surely, when we have once paused to consider what being "very well" means, the "Thank God for all His mercies" must follow, silently, if not audibly, the statement that we and those we love are "very well."

THERE is no trait in the human character so potential for weal or woe as firmness of purpose. It is wonderful to see what miracles a resolute and unyielding spirit will achieve. Before its irresistible energy the most formidable obstacles become as cobweb barriers in its path. Difficulties the terror of which causes the sons of ease and luxury to shrink back with dismay provoke from the man of lofty determination only a smile.

PG
125

The Deluge.

WHEN the world had existed for nearly two thousand years, and the inhabitants were very numerous, God became very angry because of the wickedness of the people. They disobeyed his laws, became idolatrous, and sinned in many ways.

One or two good men were inspired by God to preach to these rebels, and endeavor to recall them to a state of obedience.

The Lord waited to be gracious, but the people refused to heed the warnings, or to repent of their evil deeds.

Then God's patience and forbearance gave way, and he determined that his power should be shown terribly.

He taught Noah how to build an ark, and instructed him as to the number and kind of creatures that should inhabit it.

And the Lord shut him in. Then a great flood swept over the face of the earth. Even the mountains were covered, and nothing but the ark was seen to move upon this great waste of waters.

All mankind perished, except those who were in the ark. Driven by the rising and raging waves from every foothold they might gain, how dreadful were their sufferings!

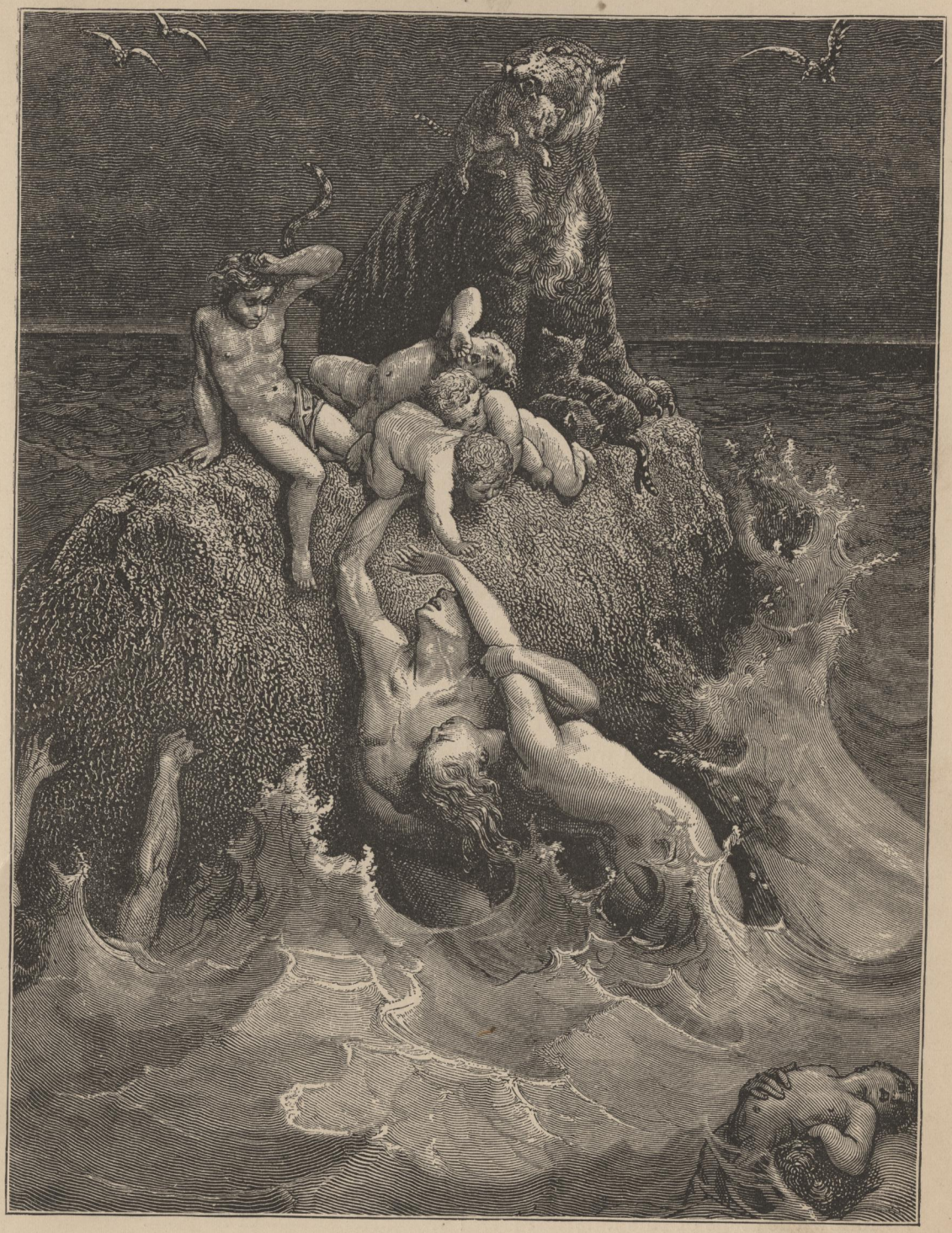
At the end of many days Noah sent a dove out of the ark. But the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot. After a while he sent forth a second dove, and she brought him back an olive leaf, showing that the waters had subsided.

When the earth was dried, God brought Noah and his family out of the ark, and made a covenant with them, and set his rainbow in the cloud as a token that the world should never be destroyed again in the same way.

THE DUTY OF PRAISE.—We have all been taught that it is our duty to praise God, but few of us have reflected on our duty to praise men, says Mrs. H. B. Stowe. We should praise our friends, our near and dear ones; and, when we love most, and see most to love, then only is the wise time wisely to speak of what should still be altered. Parents should look out for occasions to commend their children as carefully as they seek to reprove their faults; and employers should praise the good their servants do as strictly as they blame the evil. Watch till a blundering servant does something well, then praise him for it, and you will see a new fire lighted in the eye, and often you will find that, in that one respect at least, you have secured excellence thenceforward. Lastly, let us all make a bead-roll of all that is good and agreeable in our position, our surroundings, our daily lot, our friends, our children, our servants, and charge ourselves to repeat it daily, till the habit of our minds be to praise and to commend. Let us also adopt Fénelon's motto, "Perfection alone can bear with imperfection."

KEEP your promise to the letter, be prompt and exact, and it will save you much trouble and care through life, and win for you the respect and trust of your friends.

CAST no dirt in the well that gives you water.



A Royal Example;

OR, THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND HER FAVORITE KITTEN.

THERE is a lady of high degree
Whose lovely picture you often see,
Wherein both truth and beauty shine—
A gracious lady of kingly line.

You know her well; for her name, though great,
Is a household word in our favored state:
As daughter, as wife, and as parent dear,
Her praise each day with delight you hear.

Her virtues are many; but 'mid them all
Unto *one* your notice I fain would call;
'Tis a virtue fitting a child of kings—
A tender love for all helpless things.

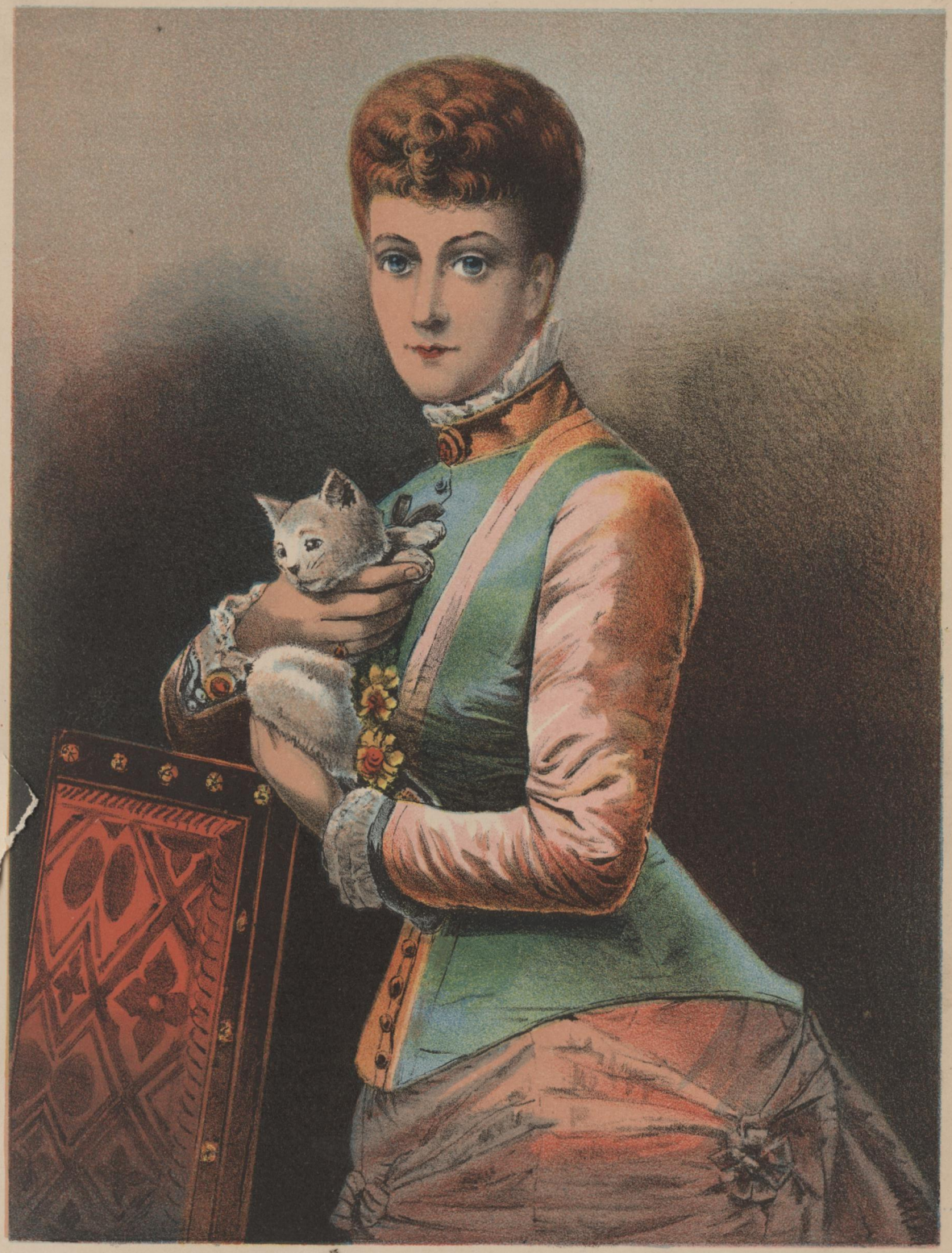
No creature avoids *her* face with dread,
Scared by harsh tones and a haughty tread:
No! her gentle mien and her cheerful voice
Make the timid bold, and the tame rejoice.

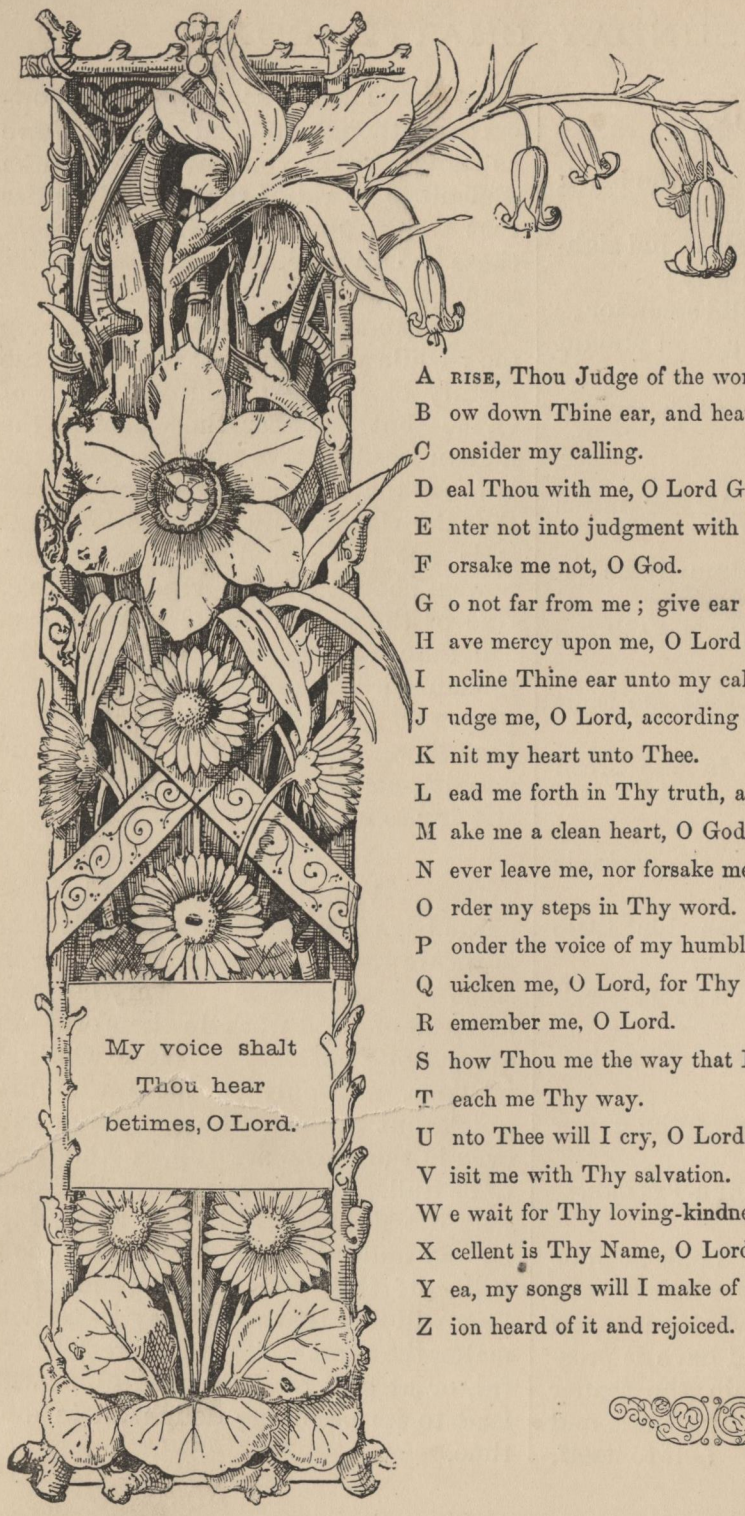
O youthful Band of our country's hope,
Pledged against monstrous ills to cope!
Pledge yourselves, too, no pains to spare
To follow the steps of this lady fair;
To cherish the timid, protect the weak;
And never your spite or ill-humor wreak
On feeble things at your mercy laid,
Whom God your Father designed and made!

From *cruel* children were tyrants raised,
Whose deeds with fear have your hearts amazed:
A cruel youth is a hateful sight;
But in MERCY the noblest hearts delight.

BEAUTY is one of the divine things of life. No one can question this. The homage paid to it by all nations is one of the first fruits as it is the greatest motive-power of civilization, and a nation without any perception of beauty, or its correlative, ugliness, would be wanting in one of the essential elements of humanity. It has inspired poets and artists, led great men to noble deeds, awakened that love which makes life godlike, and preserved souls from falling into grossness, meanness, and error.

THE silent pressure of the hand is often of more vital good than a whole volume of good counsel; and one tear, one kiss, one bright encouraging smile, can help the broken heart, the sinking spirit, where words of advice would fall unheeded, or be an aggravation to present pain. The essence of good counsel is understanding; and only those are useful advisers who realize conditions and measure the limits of necessity, while also realizing suffering and measuring the extent of its pain.





A LITTLE ALPHABET OF PRAYER FOR CHRISTIAN CHILDREN.

(From the Psalms.)

A RISE, Thou Judge of the world; arise, and help us.
B ow down Thine ear, and hear me.
C onsider my calling.
D eal Thou with me, O Lord God, according unto Thy mercy.
E nter not into judgment with Thy servant.
F orsake me not, O God.
G o not far from me; give ear unto my prayer.
H ave mercy upon me, O Lord; have mercy upon me.
I ncline Thine ear unto my calling.
J udge me, O Lord, according to Thy righteousness.
K nit my heart unto Thee.
L ead me forth in Thy truth, and teach me Thy statutes.
M ake me a clean heart, O God.
N ever leave me, nor forsake me.
O rder my steps in Thy word.
P onder the voice of my humble desires.
Q uicken me, O Lord, for Thy Name's sake.
R emember me, O Lord.
S how Thou me the way that I should walk in.
T each me Thy way.
U nto Thee will I cry, O Lord, my strength.
V isit me with Thy salvation.
W e wait for Thy loving-kindness, O Lord.
X cellent is Thy Name, O Lord, in all the earth.
Y ea, my songs will I make of Thy Name.
Z ion heard of it and rejoiced. Alleluia.

Reaping in Joy.

OUT of the west, where the black clouds gather'd,
There came a soft wind sighing on its way;
Out of the east arose a pallid splendor;
Clad as in raiment that a God should lend her,
The dead earth shimmered through a mist of day.

Dead? She awakeneth. All her pulses beating,
Trembling, astir, with some divine decree,
Her bow'd head lifted to the light above her;
Her full heart knowing that the light doth love her,
Her soul breaks forth in one green ecstacy.

Up in the high heaven the lark is poised;
The sunlight burnisheth his little wing,
And over the mown field a glory stealeth.
O blessèd day! that to our light revealeth
The seed of sorrow grown the flower of spring!

C. C. FRASER-TYTLER.

THE HUMAN GARDEN.—Look at your flower-garden, lying yonder before your windows. You know what care you must give it if you would have it prosper—how you must train the tender vines, and water the young plants, and weed and loosen the soil. Left to itself, great weeds would soon choke the flowers; and, though you find it hard to have as many roses as you want, it would be difficult to be rid of the crop of nettles that would spring up if you forgot those beds a week. So it is with a human garden. The bad things grow faster than the good, and without help too; while you must not only help the earthly blossoms—the human herbs of virtue—but fight for them against the human weeds. It is romantic and pretty to say that good always triumphs, and that the right is always victorious, but it is not true; and those who have power should always remember this. One of the noblest tasks a great man can take upon himself is, to weed the human garden, and give the good, the pure, and the honest plants a chance to bear flowers and fruit, of which those stinging-nettles, evil men, are always striving to rob them.—M. K. D.

BOYS.—What is really wanted as regards boys is to light up the spirit that is within them. In some sense and in some degree there is in every boy the material of good work in the world—in every boy—not only in those who are brilliant, not only in those who are quick, but in those who are stolid, and even in those who are dull, or who seem to be dull. If they have only the good will, the dullness will clear away day by day under the influence of the good will. If they only exert themselves, they will find that every day's exertion makes the effort easier and more delightful, or at any rate less painful, or will lead to its becoming delightful in due time.

A Morning Song.

J. W. Elliott.

Moderato.

p

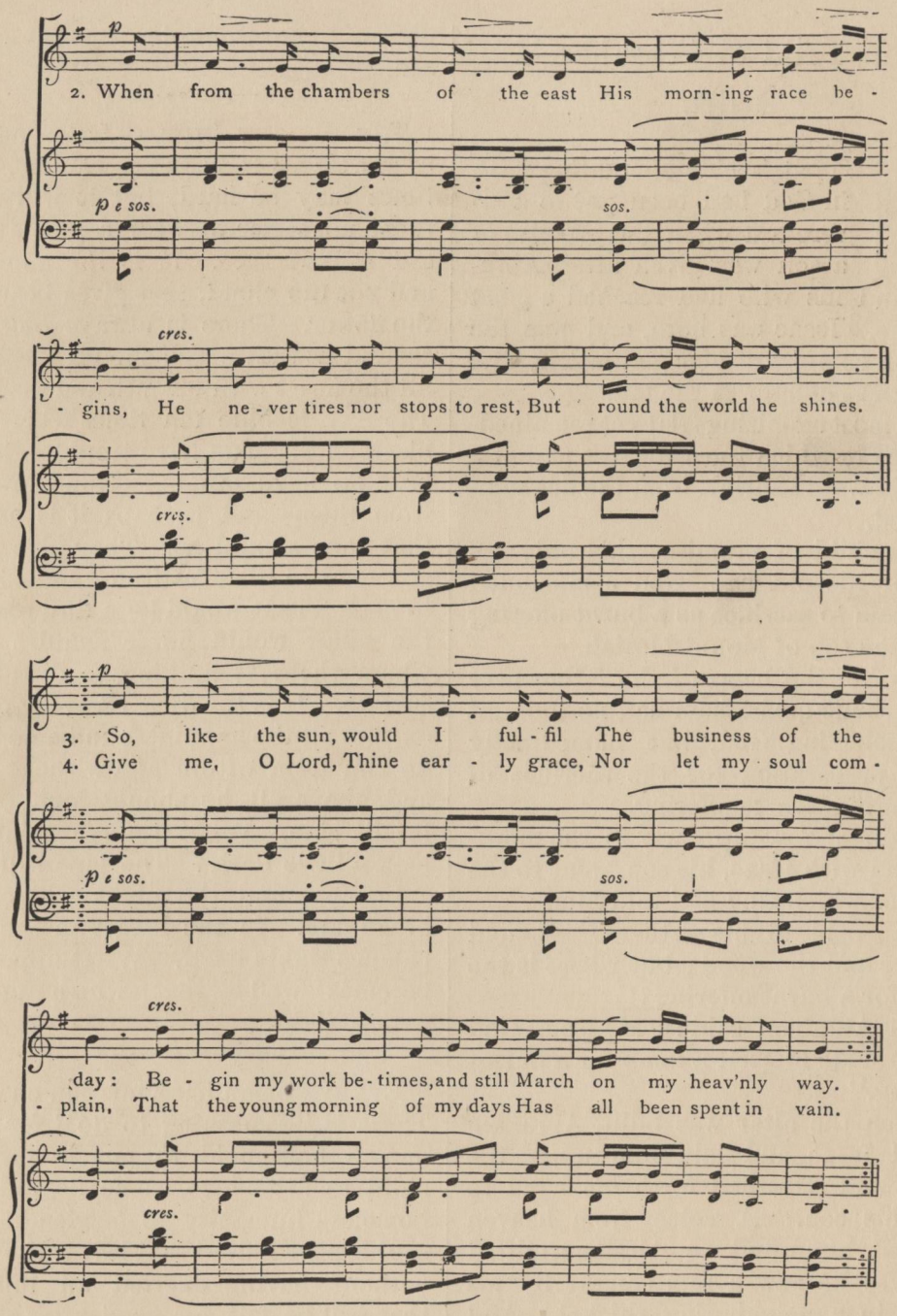
1. My God, Who makes the sun to know His pro-per hour to

p e sos. *sos.*

cres.

rise, And, to give light to all be-low, Doth send him round the skies.

cres.


p
2. When from the chambers of the east His morn-ing race be-
p e sos.
sos.
cres.
-gins, He ne-ver tires nor stops to rest, But round the world he shines.
cres.
p
3. So, like the sun, would I ful-fil The business of the
4. Give me, O Lord, Thine ear-ly grace, Nor let my soul com-
p e sos.
sos.
cres.
day: Be-gin my work be-times, and still March on my heav'nly way.
-plain, That the young morning of my days Has all been spent in vain.
cres.

The Trial of Abraham's Faith.

THE patriarch's abounding faith in God had been put to a severe test when the promise of a son was given after Abraham and his wife had reached a good old age. Isaac was born, and was the joy and comfort of his aged father, who took great delight in the lad.

The most agonizing trial yet remained, and one in which the strongest parental feelings would shrink from the act commanded.

This child of promise—this only solace of his old age--God commanded Abraham to sacrifice as a burnt-offering upon the top of Mount Moriah.

However the heart of the father may have rebelled, Abraham had no thought of disobeying God, but immediately made preparation for the sacrifice of this most precious offering.

Abraham rose up early in the morning, and with Isaac, his son, went to the place of which God had told him.

Isaac said to his father: "Behold the fire and the wood; but where is the lamb for a burnt-offering?"

And Abraham said: "My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt-offering."

When the altar was built, Abraham bound Isaac and laid him upon the wood, and stretched forth his hand to slay his son. A voice from heaven stopped him, and as Abraham lifted his eyes he saw a ram caught by his horns in a neighboring thicket. And Abraham took the ram, and offered him up for a burnt-offering instead of his son.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.—Look on the bright side. It is the right side. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier to wear a gloomy and sad countenance. It is the sunshine, and not the cloud, that gives beauty to the flower. There is always before or around us that which should cheer and fill the heart with warmth and gladness. The sky is blue ten times where it is black once. You have troubles, it may be. So have others. None are free from them—and perhaps it is as well that none should be. They give sinew and tone to life—fortitude and courage to man. That would be a dull sea, and the sailor would never acquire skill, where there is nothing to disturb its surface. It is the duty of every one to extract all the happiness and enjoyment he can from within and without him; and, above all, he should look on the bright side. What though things do look a little dark? The lane will have a turning, and the night will end in broad day. In the long run the great balance rights itself. What appears ill becomes well — that which appears wrong, right.

EVERY woman has a mission on earth. There is "something to do" for every one—a household to put in order, a child to attend to, some degraded or homeless humanity to befriend. That soul is poor indeed that leaves the world without having exerted an influence that will be felt for good after she has passed away.

Lost in the Snow.

JOB BRANSTON was what is called a hard man. Perhaps Margaret should have waited longer than six short months after her mother's death before she married James Dixon. Not that it is likely six years of waiting would have won her father over to it. He sent a message into the town to Margaret, that he had done with her—she was never to show her face before him again.

For some months all went well with the newly-married pair. Then commenced a series of domestic calamities, which was followed directly by the failure of James Dixon's health. In a very few weeks consumption carried him off. To crown all, in the midst of this distress and gloom, Margaret's baby came.

This state of affairs was conveyed to her father. Job's answer was, that which a "hard" man was pretty sure to send. "She had," he said "made her bed, and she must lie upon it. He should do nothing for her."

Margaret, by means of some plain sewing she got, struggled on in a poor lodging, which an old woman, nearly as destitute as herself, let her have for next to nothing. But the cold weather came. Her child was beginning to fade from want of proper nourishment.

On the morning of a cold, lowering day, she took leave of her kind old landlady. A long weary walk of nearly sixteen miles was before her. There was snow upon the ground of some depth, owing to a somewhat heavy fall two days before. As she trudged on, she hugged the baby still more closely to her bosom, and that seemed to give her strength. But the snow again began to fall. A darkening change in the air told her that the growing dimness was not only that of the thick-falling snow, —the night was come. The fierce cold wind, strengthening in its roar, bade fair to be a tempest during the dark hours.

A numbness began to seize on her; her eyes were dazed with peering at the snow. Bells seemed to ring and voices to call her. No sooner had she struggled through one drift than another rose before her. At length, she could toil on no further. She sank into the fast-heaping snow, with the little baby closely pressed in her arms.

At this moment, Job Branston was sitting on his own lonely hearth. Suddenly, a large mastiff hound which he kept, rushed towards the door and set up a peculiar howl.

"Nanny, bring me the lantern," said Job, speaking with a strange hollowness of tone.

Nanny was his only domestic. As she gave it to him, she told him in the plain dialect of those parts, that he was a fool for going out on such a night as this. But out he did go with the light. Rover greeted him with his booming barkings, starting forward, leaping and plunging in one set direction. Job toiled along after him. They came at last to Margaret in the snow with the baby in her arms. It was, indeed, a labor for him to get them home; but he managed it. A softening had come to Job in finding his daughter and his grandchild in the snow, he had somehow found—or had given him—a new heart.

MORNING.

THE stars are fading one by one
As rosy morning breaks;
The cock crows at the rising sun,
The twittering swallow wakes.
The Watchman with his spear and horn
Stands gazing at the sky,
While rising from the ripening corn,
The lark is soaring high.

The fragrant flowers perfume the graves
Within the churchyard trim;
The aged lime its branches waves,
And birds the water skim.
Life's busy hum is everywhere,
The blacksmith's forge now glows—
Alone with weary step and air
The watchman homeward goes.

The herdsman gaily blows his horn
Which all his flock obey;
The miller's up and grinding corn—
Work ushers in the day.
And thou, dear child, be busy too,
First wash thy face with care,
And ere thou go'st to school, as due,
Be sure to say thy pray'r:

"Thou who art sitting on Thy throne
Above both sun and star
Who watched me through the night just flown,
And kept all evil far:
Beneath Thy guidance just and mild,
O let me ever pray
As humbly as a little child,
And grateful as to day!"

EVENING.

WHEN evening's stealing
O'er the West,
And bells are pealing:
"Come to rest!"
Ding dong! ding dong! their voice at eve
Bids weary hinds their labors leave.

While bells are chiming
And all go home,
The stars are climbing
To heaven's dome.
"Sleep on," cry they, "for watch we'll keep,
Till morn shall through your windows peep."

We mark the shadows
As they fall,
And wrap the meadows
In a pall
And gladly welcome close of day
That soothes with sleep our cares away.

The First Nightingale.

UNDERNEATH this spreading tree,
Bright-eyed Edith here we see;
She has passed some happy hours,
Busied with the sweet spring flowers.

A country maiden, well she knows
Where each fragrant blossom grows;
Where the violet hides its head,
Scarce rising from its mossy bed;

Or where the cowslip rings her bell,
Or hyacinths cluster in the dell;
While campions, with their rosy hue,
Dot here and there the carpet blue.

So now, with bright and perfumed store
Brimming the latticed basket o'er,
Edith sits resting in the shade
By the fresh pale green foliage made,

And listens with attentive ear
Unto the strain so loud and clear,
Which from the tiny feathered throat,
A stream of melody, flows out—

As the sweet singer of the vale,
The ever-welcomed nightingale,
Pours forth his hymn of joy and praise,
Rejoicing in the sun's warm rays.

"Winter is gone!" he seems to say,
"And I again have winged my way
From distant lands; once more I roam
To seek my well-loved English home."

A MOTHER'S LOVE.—A mother's love! How lightly do we often value and how little do we appreciate a kind, loving mother! What a fountain of pure unselfish loves rises up from her generous, loving heart! Who will love us as a mother does? And who will suffer, work, and toil for us, depriving themselves of every comfort, in order that we may be well cared for and spared all anxieties and cares of life? No one but "mother." We may have a kind father, gentle and loving brothers and sisters, and, when we grow older, and leave the paternal roof, we may be fortunate in securing a kind husband or gentle wife, and may be blessed with dutiful and happy children; but no one will ever exercise toward us the same kind, patient love and gentle forbearance as a mother. How kind we should be to her! We should share her anxieties, lighten the burden of her cares, and strive to make her declining years happy. It is a debt, as well as a duty, we owe to her, and it is happily in the power of all to pay it. Think of the many days of weary toil and the years of unselfish love and patient devotion she has given to us, and then let us ask ourselves if we can do too much for "mother."

HOPE lies about the cradle and the grave alike; lives with the rich and the poor alike; adds brightness to the smile and softens the sorrow of the present; glorifies the mean surroundings, and poetises the magnificent. Hope is man's best friend, only to be quitted for her pale, sweet sister Resignation, which sometimes we must perforce accept instead, when Hope, turning away her radiant face, forbids all endeavor, whispering softly, "submit."

The Finding of Moses.

THE Israelites were for a long time in bitter bondage under the Egyptian kings, who were hard masters, and disobedient to God. One of these kings seeing how the Israelites increased gave orders that every male child that was born among them should be cast into the river Nile.

One poor woman who gave birth to a son was afraid to disobey the king's command, and yet had not the heart to murder her own child. So she hid him for three months. At the end of that time, fearing she might be found out, she put him in a little ark and set him afloat among the rushes by the river's brink.

To this place Pharaoh's daughter came to bathe, accompanied by the maidens who waited upon her. She saw the little ark floating among the reeds, and had it brought to her, and when the baby was uncovered he began to cry.

"This is one of the Hebrew's children," said the king's daughter, and she grieved over the little one thus cruelly taken from its mother.

Then the sister, who had been left to watch the fate of her baby brother, stepped forward from the place where she had been hidden, and offered to find a nurse from among the Hebrew women.

Pharaoh's daughter said "Go;" and Miriam called the child's mother, who took care of him, and received wages from the daughter of the very king who had commanded the destruction of all the infant sons of Israel.

When the child no longer needed a nurse, his mother delivered him to Pharaoh's daughter, who called his name Moses, because she drew him out of the water. And he became a mighty man, and the deliverer of the children of Israel from the bondage of the Egyptains.

PONDER THIS.—All things are engaged in writing their history. The planet, the pebble, goes attended by its shadow. The rolling rock leaves its scratches on the mountain; the river its channel in the soil; the animal its bones in the stratum; the fern and leaf their modest epitaph in the coal. The falling drop makes its sculpture in the sand or the stone. Not a foot steps into the snow, or along the ground, but prints, in characters more or less lasting, a map of its march. Every act of the man inscribes itself in the memories of his fellows, and in his own manners and face. The air is full of sounds, the sky of tokens, the ground is all memoranda and signatures, and every object covered over with hints which speak to the intelligent.

NOTHING conduces so much to success as independence. People who are always waiting for help usually have to wait a long time. Assistance is not always to be had for the asking. No matter how incompetent a man may be, there is always something he can do for himself. Do your part, whatever it is, and do it with a will. Never trust a man in any capacity if he has not within him the true spirit of independence; and never "wait for dead men's shoes," for you are very likely to be disappointed.

Icebergs.

THE term icebergs has commonly been applied to the glaciers occurring in Spitzbergen, Greenland, and other arctic countries. It is also as commonly extended to the large peaks, mountains, or islets of ice that are found floating in the sea. It is the latter kind of icebergs we purpose to describe.

Icebergs occur in many places in the arctic and antarctic regions; some of them of astonishing magnitude. In the Spitzbergen Sea, indeed, they are neither numerous nor bulky, compared with those of other regions; the largest that Captain Scoresby met with not exceeding a thousand yards in circumference, and two hundred feet in thickness. But in Hudson's Strait, Davis's Strait, and Baffin's Bay, they occur of a prodigious size. Ellis describes them as sometimes occurring of the thickness of five hundred or six hundred yards. Frobisher saw one iceberg which was judged to be "near fourscore fathoms above water." One berg is described by Sir John Ross as having nine unequal sides, as being aground in sixty-one fathoms, and as measuring 4,169 yards (paces) long, 3,689 yards broad, and fifty-one feet high. The weight of this iceberg was estimated, by an officer of the Alexander, at above 1,292,000,000 tons.

The most abundant source of icebergs known in the arctic regions is Baffin's Bay. From this remarkable sea they constantly make their way toward the south, down Davis's Strait, and are scattered abroad in the Atlantic to an amazing extent. The banks of Newfoundland are occasionally crowded with these wonderful productions of the frigid zone; beyond which they are sometimes conveyed a distance of at least two thousand miles from the place of their origin.

On some bergs, pools of water occur stagnant; on others, large streams are seen oozing through crevices into the sea. In a high sea the waves break against them as against a rock; and, in calm weather, where there is a swell, the noise made by their rising and falling is tremendous. When icebergs are aground, or when there is a superficial current running to leeward, the motion of other ice past them is so great that they appear to be moving to windward. Fields of ice, of considerable thickness, meeting a berg under such circumstances, are sometimes completely ripped up and divided through the middle. Icebergs, when acted on by the sun, or by a temperate atmosphere, become hollow and fragile. Large pieces are then liable to be broken off, and fall into the sea with a terrible crash, which, in some places, produces an echo in the neighboring mountains. When this circumstance, called *calving*, takes place, the iceberg loses its equilibrium, sometimes turns on one side, and is occasionally inverted. The sea is thereby put into commotion, fields of ice in the vicinity are broken up, the waves extend, and the noise is heard to the distance of several miles; and sometimes the rolling motion of the berg not ceasing, other pieces get loosened and detached, till the whole mass falls asunder like a wreck.

In God is my
Salvation

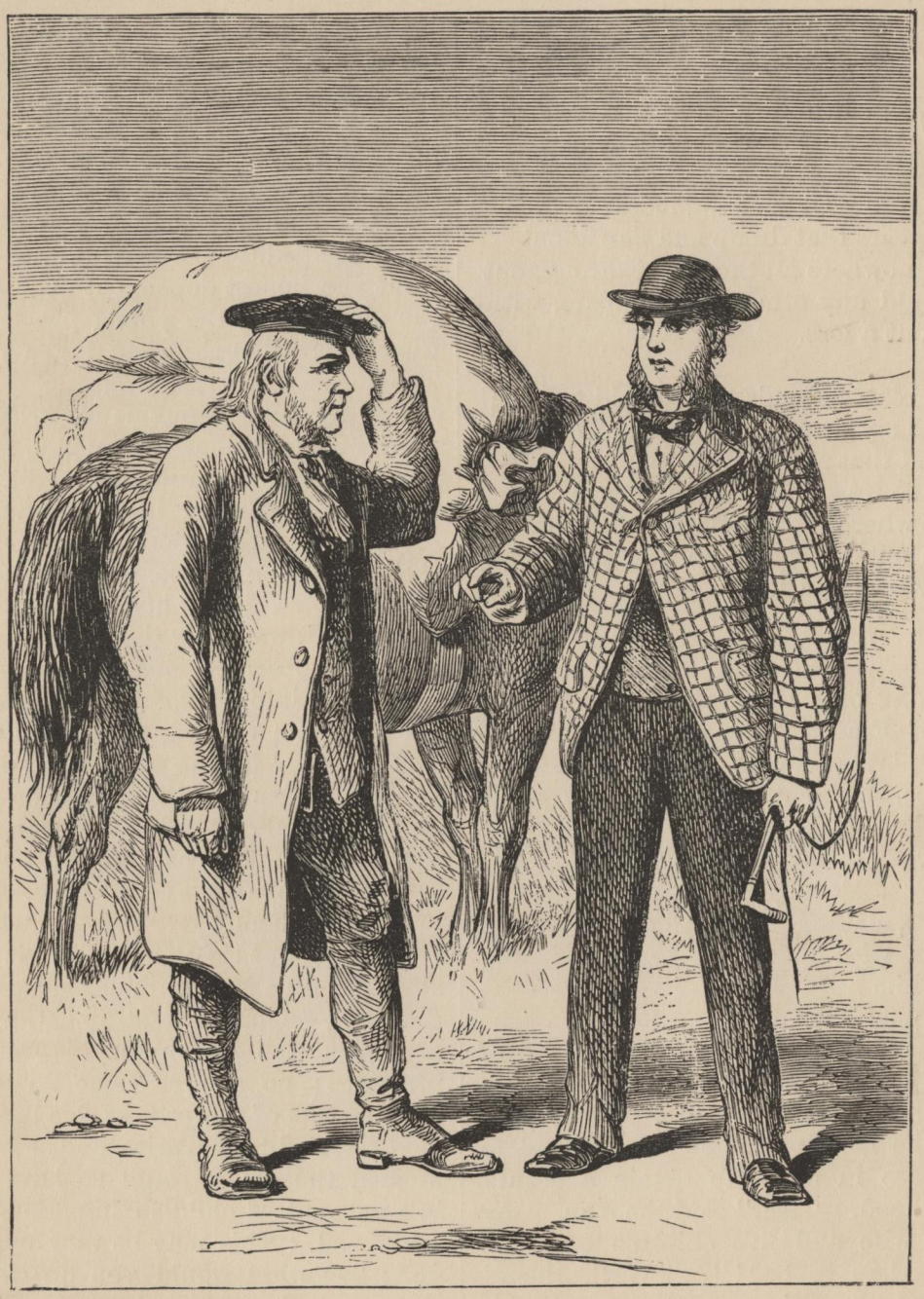
How to Return a Favor.

AN old Scotchman was taking his grist to the mill in sacks thrown across the back of his horse, when the horse stumbled and the grain fell to the ground. He had not strength to raise it, being an aged man, but he saw a horseman riding along, and thought he would ask him for help. But the horseman proved to be a nobleman who lived in a castle hard by, and the farmer could not muster courage to ask a favor of him. But the nobleman was a gentleman also, and, not waiting to be asked, he dismounted, and between them they lifted the grain to the horse's back. John—for he was a gentleman, too—lifted his cap and said, "My lord, how shall I ever thank you for your kindness?"

"Very easily, John," replied the nobleman. "Whenever you see another man in the same plight as you were in just now, help him, and that will be thanking me."

LOWLINESS.—The world needs men more than anything else. Rubies are not to be mentioned by the side of men that are stable, men that are thoroughly honest and reliable, men that are right, men that are competent in their sphere. Such men are more precious than the gold of Ophir. There are lots of things lying loose all through human society which are called men, but which are poor stuff. They are over-swollen. They falsely estimate themselves. They are without any moral judgment, or their moral judgment rests on a false basis. They do not judge themselves by the higher law of manhood, or by the divine standard. They are not content to stand at a point where they are really fitted to stand and execute the duties of life. So multitudes of men rise and are smitten down again. Only here and there do we see men beginning low, progressing with moderation, maintaining what they gain, rising to the very end, and at last having the verdict of men that they were more than they thought themselves to be. Universal just judgment and generosity tend to put men higher who put themselves low, and to put down the man who thinks himself to be greater that he really is.

CHARACTER AND WORK.—None of us can pass through this world without encountering obstructions to our progress which time only will enable us to surmount, and perplexities which a hasty, petulant spirit will only augment. The eminent philosopher Newton said that his success in science was attributable to patient thought. And all who have been illustrious for their attainments or achievements would, did they bear testimony, speak in similar terms. The growth of intellectual power, the acquirement of worldly possessions, and the formation of an admirable, lasting reputation require much time. That which, mushroom-like, is to be of few hours' duration, may, mushroom-like, occupy but a brief period in springing into existence. But the character and the work which are to spread wide and tower high and endure long must have a broad, deep, well-laid foundation.



See my Pets.

MY little pets have silken hair,
As smooth and soft as velvet fair,
Or yielding moss;
Long ears that droop and flap about—
Ah! nowhere all the world throughout
Could any other dogs compare, without a loss.

Six greater friends there could not be;
I love my pets, and they love me,
And that is why.
And so we stand, this summer-day
Here where the mid-day sunbeams stray
That our six portraits you may see—
my pets and I.

STORY OF A PRINCELY BOY.—Charles X. of France, when a child, was one day playing in an apartment of the palace, while a peasant of Auvergne was busily employed in scrubbing the floor. The latter, encouraged by the gaiety and playfulness of the young prince, entered familiarly into conversation with him, and, to amuse him, told him a number of diverting stories and anecdotes of his province. The prince, with all the ingenuousness of childhood, expressed his commiseration for the narrator's evident poverty, and for the labor which he was obliged to undergo in order to obtain a scanty livelihood. "Ah," said the man, "my poor wife and five children often go supperless to bed!" "Well, then," replied the prince, with tears in his eyes, "you must let me manage for you. My governor every month gives me some pocket-money, for which I have no occasion, since I want for nothing. You shall take this money and give it to your wife and children—but be sure not to mention a word of the matter to any person, or you will be finely scolded." On leaving the apartment the honest dependent acquainted the governor of the young prince with the conversation that had taken place. The latter, after praising the servant highly for his scrupulous integrity, desired him to accept the money, and to keep the affair a profound secret, adding that he should have no cause to repent of his discretion. At the end of the month the prince, who was Count d'Artois, received his allowance as usual, and, watching the moment when he was unobserved, hastily slipped the whole sum into the hands of his *protégé*. On the same evening a child's lottery was proposed for the amusement of the young princes by the governor, who had purposely distributed among the prizes such objects as were most likely to tempt a boy of the count's age. Each of his brothers eagerly hazarded his little store, but the Count d'Artois kept aloof from his favorite amusement. The governor, feigning astonishment, at last demanded the reason for his unusual prudence; no answer came from the count. One of the princes, his brother, next testified his surprise, and at length pressed the young count so hard that in a moment of childish impatience he exclaimed, "This may be very well for you; but what would you do if, like me, you had a wife and five small children to support?"

The Brazen Serpent.

FOR nearly forty years the Israelites had been pursuing their pilgrim way through the wilderness, meeting with many obstacles and disappointments, yet miraculously provided for by the Divine Hand.

One of their most terrible disappointments was when they had almost reached the borders of the Promised Land, and hoped to end their weary journey by taking a short route through the land of Edom. Instead of this they were compelled to go around it, by a long and circuitous way. This was too much for their rebellious and drooping spirits. They broke out into open abuse of Moses and of God. They were angry at the unchanging supply of manna, and at the prospect of spending more time in the cheerless and sandy desert.

God punished this rebellion by sending fiery serpents. There was great distress. Myriads of the dreadful creatures came into the camp and bit the Israelites. Great numbers of the people died, and many who did not die endured terrible sufferings.

But relief was at hand when the suffering people confessed that they had sinned against God. By Divine command Moses made of brass an image of a serpent, and placed it high on a pole in sight of all the camp. They who were bitten by serpents might look at this image, and be healed as they looked.

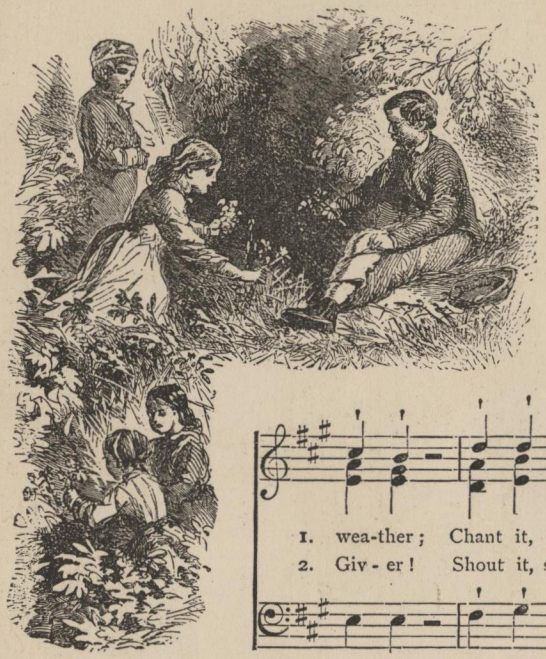
The brazen serpent thus became a type or symbol of the saving work of our Lord Jesus Christ. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up."

The image which Moses made was carefully preserved. In later ages the Israelites worshiped it. Six hundred years after it was made, King Hezekiah destroyed it, and called it "Nehushtan," which means "a piece of brass."

A CHEERFUL WIFE.—What a blessing to a household is a merry, cheerful woman—one whose spirits are not affected by wet days or little disappointments—one whose milk of human kindness does not grow sour in the sunshine of prosperity! Such a woman, in the darkest hours, brightens the house like a piece of sunshiny weather. The magnetism of her smiles and the electrical brightness of her looks and movements infect every one. The children go to school with the sense of something great to be achieved; the husband goes into the world in a conqueror's spirit. No matter how people annoy and worry him through the day, far off her presence shines, and he whispers to himself, "At home I shall find rest!" So day by day she literally renews his strength and energy. And, if you know a man with a beaming face, a kind heart, and a prosperous business, in nine cases out of ten you will find he has a wife of this kind.

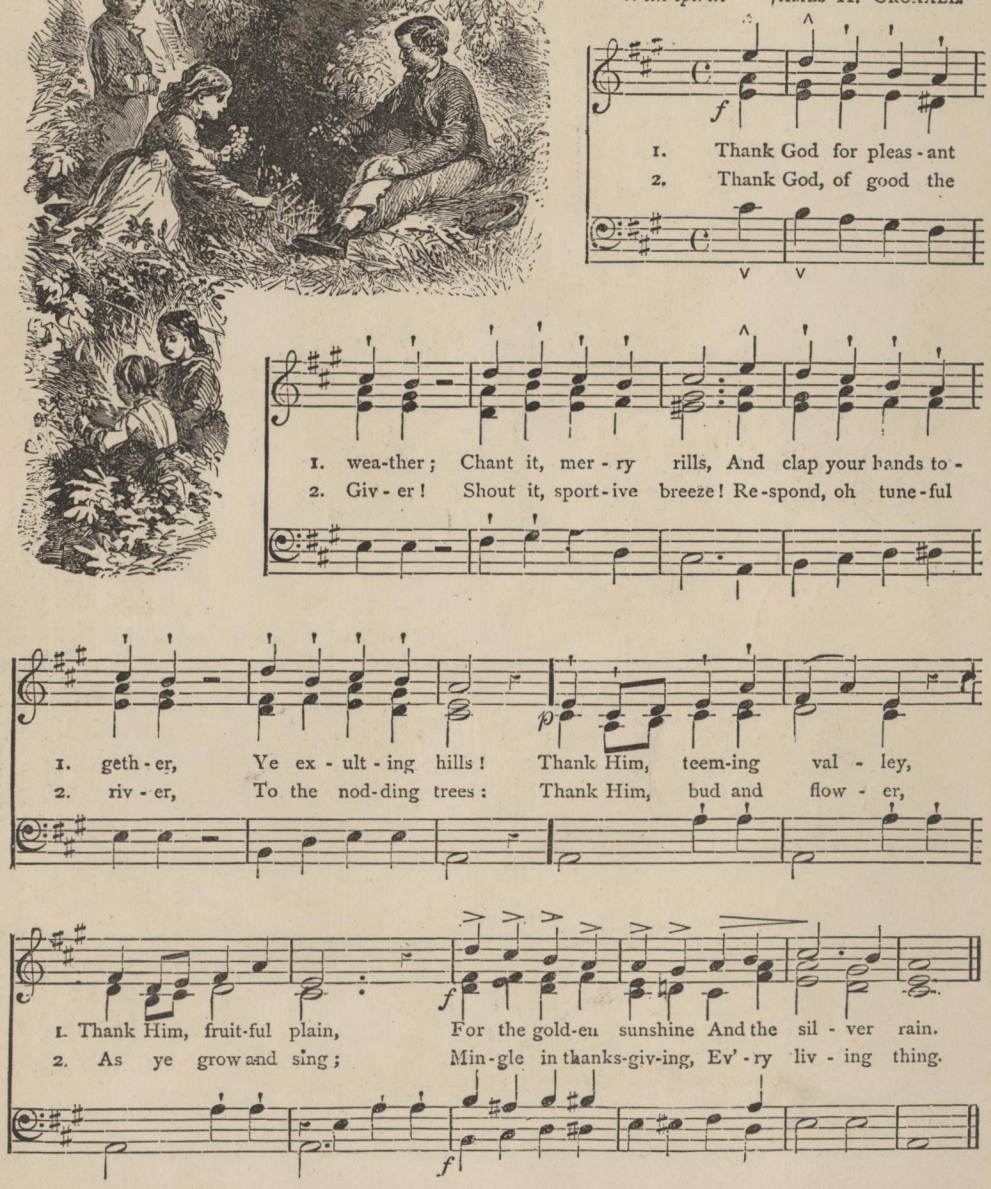
THE SABBATH.—The streams of religion in a country, or in an individual soul, run deeper or shallower as the banks of the Sabbath are kept up or neglected.—*Callott.*

A Thanksgiving Hymn.



"O give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good."—Psalm cxxxvi. 1.

With spirit. James H. Croxall.



Spring.

SPRING, Spring, beautiful Spring,
Laden with glory and light you come;
With the leaf, the bloom, and the butterfly's wing,
Making our earth a fairy home.
The primroses glitter—the violets peep;
And zephyr is feasting on flower and bloom.
Arouse, ye sluggards; what soul shall sleep
While the lark's in the sky, and the bee's on the palm?
The sweetest song, and the loudest string,
Should pour a welcome to beautiful Spring.

Spring, Spring, eloquent Spring,
Thine is a voice all hearts must love;
Plenty and joy are the tidings you bring,
As an earnest below of the mercy above—
Oh! dull is the spirit and cold the breast
That forgets not awhile it is earthly born;
While we look on the branch where the fruit shall rest,
And the green blade promising golden corn—
Arouse, ye sluggards; awake and sing,
A chorus of welcome to beautiful Spring.

WORDS OF WISDOM.—We can gain the greatest victories over ourselves. What wits we should be if we only uttered the bright things we think of when the occasion has passed! A good constitution is like a savings-box—its value is not known until it is broken. Memory is strengthened by exercise, and life by rememberances. Never mind any other dowry if you have industry and economy. It is sad but true that we can silence our consciences easier than our desires. Mental pleasures do not cloy. Jealousy is no more than awkward homage. We can pardon, but can we forget? What a catalogue of social virtues a man requires to make him generally beloved!

FOR THE BOYS.—A certain man who is very rich now was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he said, "My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend my money till I had earned it. If I had but an hour's work in the day, I must do that the first thing, and in an hour. And after that I was allowed to play; and then I could play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing everything in time, and it soon became easy to do so. It is to this I owe my prosperity."

IF you would insure success in your undertaking, whatever it may be, let nothing divert your attention from it. Leave nothing undone, no matter how seemingly little and unimportant it may be, which is calculated to promote its accomplishment. There is no other way to make success certain. It is not luck. It depends on doing, doing, doing.

Amy, Our Darling.

OH, who is our household darling?
The girl with the golden hair,
With lips like ripe-red cherries,
And a face so sweet and fair—
Who comes with a smile in the morning,
Who comes with a kiss at night,
With the voice like a bird at dawning,
With the step of a fairy sprite.

I saw her this morning, smiling
Through a bower of red and green;
The prettiest little red riding-hood,
That you ever could have seen.
She was watching the early sunbeams,
She was feeding the birdies small,
As she sang them a morning welcome,
The sweetest birdie of all.

Never a pout of ill-nature
Spoils that mouth so rosy-red;
Never a sulk or an angry frown,
A word that should not be said;
Ever a thought for the friends she loves,
Gentle, unselfish, and free;
No wonder she's everybody's darling!
No wonder she's precious to me.

FOR WIVES.—"What do you think the beautiful word 'wife' comes from?" asks Ruskin. "It is the great word in which the English and Latin languages conquered the French and the Greek. I hope the French will some day get a word for it instead of that dreadful word *femme*. But what do you think it comes from? The great value of Saxon words is that they mean something. Wife means 'weaver.' You must be either housewives or housemoths; remember that. In the deep sense, you must either weave men's fortunes and embroider them, or feed upon and bring them to decay. Wherever a true wife comes, home is always around her. The stars may be over her head—the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the fire at her foot; but home is where she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than houses ceiled with cedar or painted with vermillion, shedding its quiet light far for those who else are homeless. This I believe to be the woman's true place and power."

USELESS DAUGHTERS.—The poorest girls in the world are those who have never been taught to work. There are thousands of them. Rich parents have petted them; they have been taught to despise labor and depend upon others for a living, and are perfectly helpless. The most forlorn woman belongs to this class. It is the duty of parents to protect their daughters from this deplorable condition. They do them a great wrong if they neglect it. Every daughter should be taught to earn her own living. The rich as well as the poor require this training. The wheel of fortune rolls swiftly round—the rich are likely to become poor, and the poor rich. Skill added to labor is no disadvantage to the rich, and is indispensable to the poor. Well-to-do parents must educate their daughters to work; no reform is more imperative than this.

GGK

Boaz and Ruth.

ON account of a famine there was in Bethlehem, Elimelech and Naomi, with their two sons, who went to the land of Moab, where they dwelt for a number of years. Elimelech died there, and his sons grew up and married Moabitish women. After awhile the sons died, and Naomi was left with her daughters-in-law, Orpah and Ruth, who were exceedingly fond of her.

Naomi, however, did not wish to be a burden upon these young women, and decided to return to Bethlehem, where she had spent the days of her youth. Both Orpah and Ruth desired to follow her, but she endeavored to dissuade them from such a purpose, by proving to them how much more advantageous it would be for them to remain in the land of Moab.

Orpah was convinced of Naomi's wisdom, and bidding her mother-in-law an affectionate farewell returned to the homes of her kindred.

Ruth, however, was more resolute in her determination to cling to Naomi, and could not be persuaded to leave her.

Naomi and Ruth came to Bethlehem in the beginning of the barley-harvest, and Ruth begged that she might be allowed to glean with the maidens that were in the field. Naomi consented, for they were very poor, and it happened that Ruth went to glean in a field that was owned by Boaz, a wealthy kinsman of Elimelech.

It was not long before Boaz noticed the beautiful gleaner, and inquired concerning her. When he heard of her devotion to Naomi, and of her many excellent traits of character, he fell very much in love with her and desired that she should become his wife. And Ruth married Boaz, and their descendants were illustrious.

GOODNESS.—Nothing makes a man so in love with purity as purity. Many a man has been lifted out of debasing sins against which he has vainly struggled by coming to know and love a pure, sweet woman. It is the sight of embodied goodness that makes us want to be good. Many a mother by the quiet usefulness of her life fills her children with a desire to be like her, that makes them in their turn unselfish. There are obscure men and women who hardly in their lives utter a word of conscious teaching, who, by their example, do more to make people around them gentle and truthful and Christ-like than any preacher can do. It is not those who talk about goodness, but those who are good that are the light of the world.

HAPPY is the man whose life has verified, as so many lives have verified, the words of the apostle Paul—"Tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope." This is to have the soul take root in the midst of earthly trial and trouble, and blossom forth in the beauty and strength of an immortal hope.

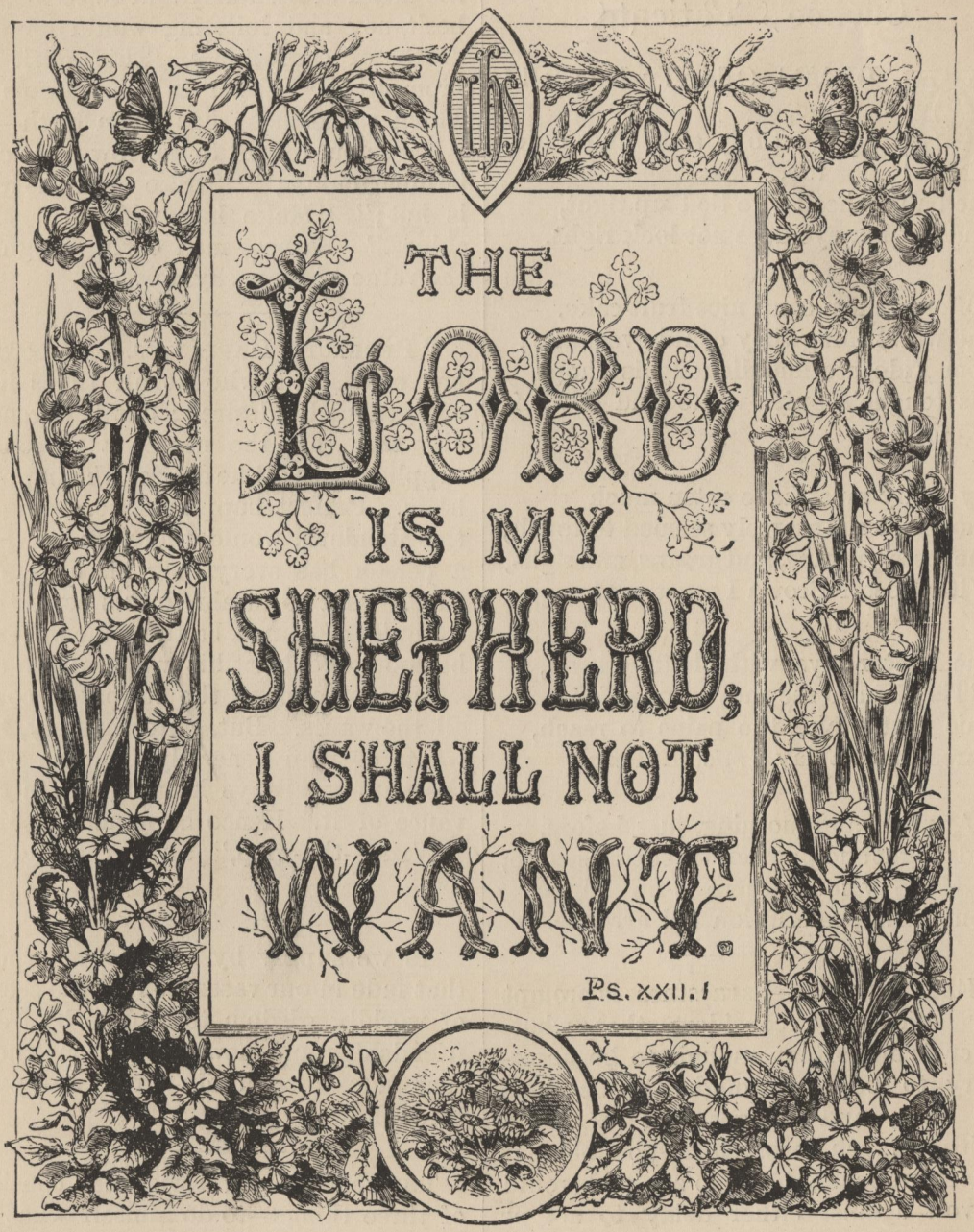
EMERSON never packed more sense into a sentence than when he wrote, "Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices."

"When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ my God,
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That, were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life—my soul—my all."


THE
LORD
IS MY
SHEPHERD;
I SHALL NOT
WANT.
Ps. XXII. 1

Cuckoo's Patients.

DEAR! O dear! what shall I do,
Here's Dolly sick, and Fido, too,
The baby's head I've tied up tight,
And yet her eye does not look right.

I offered them some nice fruit-cake,
The worst thing they could ever take;
Poor Fido ate and licked his chops,
His tongue's quite white and down it lops.

My Dolly must have eaten much
Though it she scarcely seemed to touch;
She tosses, moans, and groans, and sighs,
With Doctor Brown I must advise.

The Doctor says, with shaking head,
"'Tis plain to see they're over-fed,
This bottle take, the pains to reach,
Three times a day a spoonful each.

"At night and morning, just before,
A drought and powder, three times more;
If Monday morn there is no change,
Some new prescription I'll arrange."

EARNESTNESS.—Earnestness is prompt in action. It considers that whatever is important enough to be necessary to be done ought to be done at once, and so got out of hand with as much despatch as possible. It therefore makes haste to act, and would revolt against either delay to act or slowness in action, as fire would revolt against water. The two can never assimilate. Earnestness would be either the death of hesitancy and loitering, or hesitancy and loitering would be the death of earnestness. This spirit of promptitude is seen in the maxims to which earnestness has given birth—as "Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day;" "Strike while the iron is hot;" "Make hay while the sun shines." Earnest men early recognize the value of these sayings.

"PERFECT" HAPPINESS.—No person has ever lived who at all times had everything he desired; but it is generally said that the nearer a person is supplied with all he desires, the happier he is. Perfect happiness, according to this standard, would therefore be when a person has everything his heart desires. And to attain to this perfection it would, of course, be the same whether he should contract his wants within the supply, or expand the supply to cover all the wants. But, unfortunately, the wants of man generally increase with the supply, always keeping far in advance of it. Hence happiness is, like "Will-o'-the-wisp," always ahead of us.

As we supply by new flowers those that fade in our vases, so it is the secret of worldly wisdom to replace by fresh friendships and new associations those that fade—often daily—from our path through life.

THE character of a wise man consists of three things—to do himself what he tells others to do, to act on no occasion contrary to justice, and to bear with the weakness of those about him.

The Lily of the Valley.

B. Tours.

With tenderness and not too slow.

p *dolce.*

p

Come, my love, and do not spurn
Yet we love the li - ly well

p

From a lit - tle flower to learn —
For its sweet and plea - sant smell,

See the li - ly on the bed, Hang-ing down its mod - est head;
And would ra - ther call it ours, Than full ma - ny gay - er flowers.

A little slower.

While it scarce - ly can be seen, Fold - ed in its
Pret - ty li - lies seem to be Em - blems of hu -

pp

leaf of green.
- mi - li - ty.

1st and 2nd time.

Last time.

a tempo.

p

dim. *pp*

Tis not beauty that we prize:
Like a summer flower it dies.
But humility will last,
Fair and sweet, when beauty's past:
And the Saviour from above
Views a humble child with love.

David and Goliath.

THE people of Israel, never obedient or contented for any length of time, desired to be governed by a king, like the other nations around them, forgetting that the Lord of Hosts was their sovereign. However, Samuel was admonished of God to gratify them in this matter, and Saul was appointed their first monarch. As he soon offended God by his misconduct, David was chosen to supersede him. He was the youngest son of Jesse, who was the grandson of Boaz and Ruth.

David took care of his father's sheep, and was but a stripling when chosen to rule over Israel. The Philistines and the Israelites were still at war, and Goliath, a mighty giant of the Philistines, challenged the Israelites to mortal combat. Not one among them felt equal to a contest with such an enemy. They were at a loss to know what to do, and when David volunteered to go out alone and meet this giant, they laughed him to scorn.

David, however, was conscious of an inward strength, and knew that the Lord was on his side. He spoke to Saul of his intention, and Saul put on him the armor he thought he would need.

But David refused thus to be burdened. He threw off the armor, and taking his staff and sling in his hand, chose a few pebbles from the brook, and went out to meet the Philistine giant.

Goliath had no fear of his young adversary, whom he treated most disdainfully, mocking and cursing him.

David took one of the pebbles and slung it with such force at the head of Goliath, that it entered his brain and caused instant death. Then David cut off the head of the fallen giant, and when the Philistines saw their champion was dead, they fled in great dismay.

PERSONAL INFLUENCE.—What is the secret of personal influence? Who can tell? In a voice at times; in manner frequently; in the assumption of infallibility; in sympathy and in directness; in opposition and in a shifting which is quite opposed to directness; in broadly-outlined acceptance of your views with a fine shading of dissent, which shows you to be quite right in vague essentials, but somehow, all wrong in individual points; in smiles that attract confidence and in silence that gives assent; in a moral pose offered as the expression of the true character; in the power of insinuating impressions without committing oneself to a positive statement, and in the impetus which lies in a thundering assertion, let who will dispute or disprove—in all or any of these things lies that subtle gift of power which we call the influence of a man's personality; and in none of them can we find much to lay hold of.

WHEN we pray for any virtue, we should cultivate the virtue as well as pray for it. The form of your prayers should be the rule of your life; every petition to God is a precept to man. Look not therefore upon your prayers as a short method of duty and salvation only, but as a perpetual monition of duty; by what we require of God we see what He requires of us.

Fingal's Cave.

FINGAL'S CAVE, in the island of Staffa, on the west coast of Scotland, one of Nature's wonders, is composed of immense columns of basalt, the color of them being a bluish gray. They vary in thickness from one to five feet, and are of very different heights. The sides of the cave are made of the pillars, and the flooring is evermore the restless, surging sea, whose echoes have given the cave its Gaelic name, "the Cave of Music." The arch of the roof is more than sixty feet above your boat. From side to side the passage is forty-two feet; but in your boat, if the sea is calm, you may enjoy the fairy scene, and confess to yourself its grandeur.

MANNERS.—Manners are of more importance than laws. Upon them, in a great measure, the laws depend. The law touches us but here and there now and then. Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, debase or exalt, barbarize or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation like that of the air we breathe. It may be said that they give our lives their whole form and color. According to their quality they aid morals, they supply them, or they totally destroy them.

THE rendering of kindness, sympathy, and goodwill, the extension of unsought favors, the service of love, the unlooked-for errand of mercy, or comfort, or good cheer, are among the offices that cannot be claimed of us, and that therefore we feel somewhat at liberty to do or to leave undone according to our pleasure. Thus it comes to be an easy matter to postpone the kind action to a more convenient season; and in many cases it results in the entire abandonment of our benevolent intentions.

THERE can be no real and lasting beauty without truth. Try to be true to a noble ideal all through. That is the foundation, the corner-stone of true beauty. An attractive face is not a made-up one; it is the face of one on good terms with his or her own soul. That is the grand secret of all efficacious cosmetics for the face. Be on good terms with your own soul; and, secondly, treat your body with all the respect and reverence that are due to the temple of the soul.

CHARACTER is always known. Thefts never enrich? alms never impoverish; murder will speak out of stone walls. The least admixture of a lie—for example, the smallest mixture of vanity, the least attempt to make a good impression, a favorable appearance—will instantly vitiate the effect; but speak the truth, and all nature and all spirits help you with unexpected furtherance.

MAKE THE BEST OF EVERYTHING.—We have never seen a man bewailing his ill-fortune without something of contempt for his weakness. No individual or nation ever rose to eminence, in any department, which gave itself up to this childish behavior.

The Master Painter.

HE has the boldest touch of all;
To him his taller playmates yield—
They think he knows how shadows fall,
And sunbeams glint across a field.
In haste to work, the brush he tries—
His cheeks aglow, and in his eyes
The light of genius dawning;
A stroke of brown, a dash of green,
The tree with straggling branch is spread;
A maiden comes upon the scene
In garb of cheerful blue and red;
Her pets she leads where flowery meads
Lie sparkling in the morning.

The sketch completed, many a day
Will have its praise and promise sung;
And then for pictures fresh make way,
Or drawn by hand, or lived among;
Into a carven desk 'twill go,
And wait there for a graver show.

Lights Between.

CHILLED by the frosts and frowns of many years,
And wearied with the bitter storm of Life,
Sister, perchance, through thy thick mist of tears,
Thou seest but the dark and angry strife.
Throw off thy fears
And trust. Thy grief may for a night endure—
"Joy cometh with the morning" sweet and sure.

Brother, maybe a heavy hand hath crushed
From out thy heart the lightness of thy youth,
And all its gladder songs for aye seem hushed,
While thou art left alone to mourn its ruth.
Thou once had'st blushed.
To own a conqueror. Forth now with shield—
He only conquers who can face the field!

Whoe'er thou art—a pilgrim by the way,
Or sojourner awaiting peace—unblest,
This know, the anxious key-note of thy day
Unlocks the gateway to a day of rest.
One feeble ray
Oft cheers a trav'ler through some forest dark—
So are we hopeful in Faith's feeblest spark.

Look up! There are so many hopes to hold,
He must be less than man who idly sinks
Beneath the floods of Care. 'Tis truth of old,
"The taste of wine is made by him who drinks."
Again be told
That whom He loves He chastens. Sorrow not—
His light is 'twixt thee and thy dim earth-lot!

THE just man will flourish in spite of envy.

The Orphan Boy on Christmas Eve.

THE snow is falling thick and white,
An icy wind blows through the street;
And in the dark and chilly night,
Wanders a child with heavy feet.
His parents dwell beyond the sky—
Brother or sister he has none—
To Heaven's bright shore he lifts his eye;
No friend has he beneath the sun.

Warm clothes protect the rich from cold;
In stately mansions, too, they dwell;
The child, unheeded, plods along,
To none dares he his grief to tell.
To-day all hearts beat with delight;
The Christ-child has come down from Heaven;
Comfort and joy and peace He brings—
Oh, thank God for this blessed night.

But see, alas! the poor, sad boy,
Who wanders then through wind and storm;
No Christmas gift will bring him joy—
By all the world he is forgot.

THE CHARMS OF MANNER.—If we possess the charms of manner, let us dig about the roots of character and cultivate them with all earnestness. As, in nature's growth, there is first the root, then the plant, and then the flower, so we have first the thought or motive, then the action, then the manner; and, as the flower proclaims the hidden root from which the plant has sprung, so the manner proclaims the hidden motive which has called forth the action. Goethe says, "If you would create something, you must be something;" so, if we would produce the charm of the flower in our manners, we must see to it that the roots of our being are vigorous and healthy.

ONE of the greatest evils known in the family circle is the disrespect so frequently shown between members, one to the other, in speech, action, and dress. The gruff "Yes" or "No" of husband to wife, in answer to a pleasant query, leads to unpleasant consequences, and begets a cold, calculating style of address on either side, which sooner or later is adopted by the younger members, and the love and affection which should dwell within is dispelled like dew before the morning sun.

LITTLE THINGS.—This remark of the Rev. John Newton deserves to be written on the tablet of every heart. "I see in this world," he observes, "two heaps—one of human happiness and one of misery. Now, if I can take but the smallest bit from the second heap and add to the first, I carry a point. If, as I go home, a child has dropped a halfpenny, and if by giving it another I can wipe away its tears, I feel that I have done something. I should be glad indeed to do great things, but I will not neglect such little ones as this." These little things are what we all can do and should.

CAROL

Judgment of Solomon.

THIS most celebrated of the Jewish monarchs having asked of God wisdom, instead of riches, honors, and length of days, obtained the gift which is above all price, and also other earthly blessings.

An illustration of his wisdom is given in the story of two women who called upon him to decide a difficult case.

Both lived in the same house, and each had a child of about the same age. One of the women said, "My neighbor's child died in the night, and when I undertook to nurse my own baby, I found that it was cold and lifeless. In the morning I discovered that it was not my own child, but belonged to my neighbor, who, while I slept, had put her dead child in the place of my living one."

The other woman contradicted the story, and on the wisdom of the judge rested the decision of the case.

Solomon said, "Bring me a sword." And they brought a sword before the king, who said, "Divide the living child in two, and give half to the one, and half to the other."

The woman who was accused of stealing the child manifested no particular concern, but the other woman, with all the agony of a true mother's heart, besought the king to spare the child's life, and give it to whichever he willed.

Her pathetic appeal was in such marked contrast to the other woman's heartless indifference, that Solomon said, "Give her the living child, and in no wise slay it; for she is the mother thereof."

And all Israel heard of the judgment of the king; and they feared him; for they saw that the wisdom of God was in him.

POLITENESS.—Politeness is to a man what beauty is to a woman. It creates an instantaneous impression in his behalf, while the opposite quality exercises as quick a prejudice against him. Polished manners have made hundreds successful, while the best of men by their hardness and coolness have done themselves an incalculable injury, the shell being so rough that the world could not believe that there was a precious kernel within it. Had Raleigh never flung down his cloak in the mud for the proud Elizabeth to walk on, his career through life would scarcely have been worth recording. Droves of men have been successful in life by pleasing manners alone. It is a trait of character well worth cultivating. Never forget the value of true civility.

HUMAN SYMPATHY.—Blessed indeed are those who have love as the guardian angel surrounding them, and whose days are rendered happy, whose skies are full of sunshine, because of the sympathetic companionship of the loved and the loving. In the midst of their own heart-safety such may be reminded that they should be pitiful to those who are desolate and alone, whether they have made shipwreck for themselves or been struck by the storms of fate, or—worst of all—wilfully abandoned by those who were pledged to guard, to guide, and to protect.

NIGHT.

THE trees so green,
The flowers so bright
No more are seen—
All's black at night!

And yet night brings
Sweet slumbers light,
And angels' wings
Hover o'er night.

The owl abroad
Now takes his flight
For he's unawed
By blackest night.

Till morning breaks
In floods of light,
And Nature wakes,
How black is night!

All evil hearts
Are struck with fright,
For conscience smarts
When black is night.

But golden dreams
The good delight,
And shed bright beams
O'er blackest night!

THE BLACKSMITH AND THE RAVEN.

ALONE our good old blacksmith lives
Amidst his smithy's din,
And when to toil a truce he gives
A Raven oft hops in.
And then the solemn looking bird
Will utter many a wizard word.

Says he: "Give heed to what I say—
I'm flying t'wards the hill,
Where busy dwarfs, both night and day
Are forging—forging still
Bright crowns of massive gold all new,
Not vulgar ploughs and scythes like yon.

Then come with me!" the Raven cried,
"I'll fetch you golden rings,
And deep within the hill abide
Yet far more wondrous things."
"Oh!" cried the Smith, "the grandest sight
Is when the harvest springs to light."

"For this, my bellows do I ply,
And work with spirit blithe,
And sparks from out my anvil fly
When steel becomes a scythe.
And when the ploughshare breaks the ground,
It beams like any crown around."

The Raven croaked: "Old fool, go too!"
And vanished in the air—
The Smith looked up to heaven's deep blue,
And said: "O grant my pray'r
That honest toil, and spirit free
May keep temptation far from me!"

The Hindoo Temple.

ONE of the finest types of ancient architecture, the Pagoda of Combaconum, in a village of the same name, is represented in our illustration. The structure has four pyramidical doorways, built of brick, which give entrance to the inner court. One of these is seen in the picture, the view being had from the interior of the court. The connecting walls between these great doorways are so poor and insignificant, that they appear to have no relation to what might otherwise be considered as isolated towers in a desert. These great doorways are completely covered with statues, as shown in the picture. They are made of fine-grained limestone, and are arranged like a regiment under arms. The southern entrance to this temple is the most curious, the heads of the hooded viper being sculptured in great numbers over the whole surface. The portion of the pagoda shown in our picture is dedicated to the god Rama. The stone dias, on four pillars, is used for kindling the sacred fire; and another fire is kindled at the same moment on the upper story of the doorway, as a signal to distant worshipers. The building is vast in dimensions, has eleven stories, and is decorated with eleven bulls and innumerable statues. The statues are life size on the ground floor, but diminish in size upwards.

MAXIMS OF THE WISE.—The fool may laugh, but the wise man thinketh soberly. Politeness costs little but avails much. Good words from the wise are like apples in baskets of silver. The winter of discontent is the coldest of all winters. Keep your own counsel; you will be the gainer. In talking or writing, let your words be few, but well chosen. Appearances are deceiving. Judge not hastily. Words once spoken can never be recalled. Never write when in anger; your writings may condemn you. The longest and darkest of all nights is the night of despair. He who loses his temper in an argument loses the argument also.

DIGNITY.—Dignity seldom goes out for a holiday, and never goes off guard. It is always to be found at its post, vigilant, prepared to take the offensive as well as to defend itself, should the smallest occasion arise. It cannot believe in the innocent intentions of its friends, but devotes its brains as well as its time to suspicions which discover nothing but the assertion of its own importance. A word or look thoughtlessly spoken or carelessly given wounds it to the quick; and what others would pass by as not worth a second thought, irritable and irrational dignity maintains to be cause sufficient for a quarrel.

A HELPING HEART.—It is astonishing how much one without money may give. A kind word, a helping hand—the warm sympathy that rejoices with those who weep. No man is so poor, no woman is so poor, as not to be able to contribute largely to the happiness of those about them.

Summer.

IS June, 'tis merry, smiling June,
'Tis blushing Summer now;
The rose is red—the bloom is dead—
The fruit is on the bough.

The bird-cage hangs upon the wall,
Amid the clustering vine;
The rustic seat is in the porch,
Where honeysuckles twine.

The rosy, ragged urchins play
Beneath the glowing sky,
They scoop the sand, or gaily chase
The bee that buzzes by.

The household spaniel flings his length
Along the stone-paved hall;
The panting sheep-dog seeks the spot
Where leafy shadows fall.

The petted kitten frisks among
The bean-flower's fragrant maze;
Or, barking, throws her dappled form
To court the warmest rays.

There is devotion in my soul,
My lip can ne'er impart;
But One above will deign to read
The tablet of my heart.

And if that heart should e'er neglect
The homage of its prayer,
Lead it to Nature's altar-piece,
'Twill always worship there.

IT is well for the women of the household to remember that pleasant evenings at home are strong antidotes to the practice of looking for enjoyment abroad, and seeking for pleasure in and by forbidden places; for relaxation and recreation will be indulged in somehow by most men, and happy are they who find in the home circle the diversion they need. A lively game, an interesting book read aloud, or, in musical families, a new song to be practiced, will furnish pastime that will make an evening pass pleasantly.

THERE is nothing that so refines, polishes, and ennobles face and mien as the constant presence of great thoughts. The man who lives in the region of ideas, moonbeams though they be, becomes idealized. There are no arts, no gymnastics, no cosmetics, which can contribute so much to the ennobling of a man's looks as a great purpose, a high determination, a noble principle, an unquenchable enthusiam. But more powerful still than any of these is a pervading disposition of kindness in the heart.

WHEN you speak evil of another you must be prepared to have others speak evil of you. There is an old Buddhist proverb which says, "He who indulges in enmity is like one who throws ashes to windward, which come back to the same place and cover him all over."

SLOW and majestic, truth moves straight onward, and never takes a backward step. She is the bearer of despatches to eternity.

J. JOHNSTON

The Children Torn by Bears.

WHEN Elijah, the great prophet of Israel, was caught up by a whirlwind and received into heaven, his mantle fell upon Elisha, who had been divinely appointed to be his successor. The two prophets had crossed the Jordan and had gone to a retired spot, where the miracle took place.

Elisha took the mantle and smote the waters of Jordan, so that he passed over dry shod, and continued on his way to Jericho. Many believed that the spirit of Elijah rested upon him, and prostrated themselves before him with sincere reverence.

Elisha remained in Jericho for some time, and performed many miracles there, so that the people might be convinced that he was indeed anointed of the Lord, and his chosen prophet.

On his way to Bethel he was followed by a number of young people who despised his words, and treated him in a most irreverent manner. They mocked at the idea of his being a messenger of God, and cried out after him, "Go up, thou bald-head! Go up, thou bald-head!"

Elisha turned back, and looking reproachfully upon them, cursed them in the name of the Lord.

This was not only an act of insolence to Elisha, but to God himself. It was rude enough to merit punishment, had it been only an insult to the prophet. But he was recognized as God's chosen servant. The punishment was instant and terrible. Two bears suddenly sprang from the woods on these offenders, and tore forty-two of them to pieces.

A PERFECT FRIEND.—What we want, or ought to want, in a perfect friend is, above all, an ally for our best self—an ally against our own faults and weaknesses as well as against the world. If to this alliance can be added a sympathy so minute and flexible as to reflect our lightest emotion and to quiver with every passing ripple of apprehension, of fun, or of regret, which crosses our minds, we are indeed singularly blessed. But life is not so rich that we can afford to reject or despise the lower degrees of helpfulness. As we grow older we learn to welcome and to enjoy many a clumsy expression of good-will at which inexperienced youth would chafe or wince; and amongst other things we discover the value of yesterday's sympathy.

SMALL THINGS.—Neglect of small things is the rock on which the great majority of the human race have split. Human life consists of a succession of small events, each of which is comparatively unimportant, and yet the happiness and success of every man depends upon the manner in which these small events are dealt with. Character is built up on little things—little things well and honorably transacted. The success of a man in business depends on his attention to little things. The comfort of a household is the result of small things well arranged and duly provided for. Good government can only be accomplished in the same way—by well regulated provisions for the doing of small things.

Sparrows in the City.

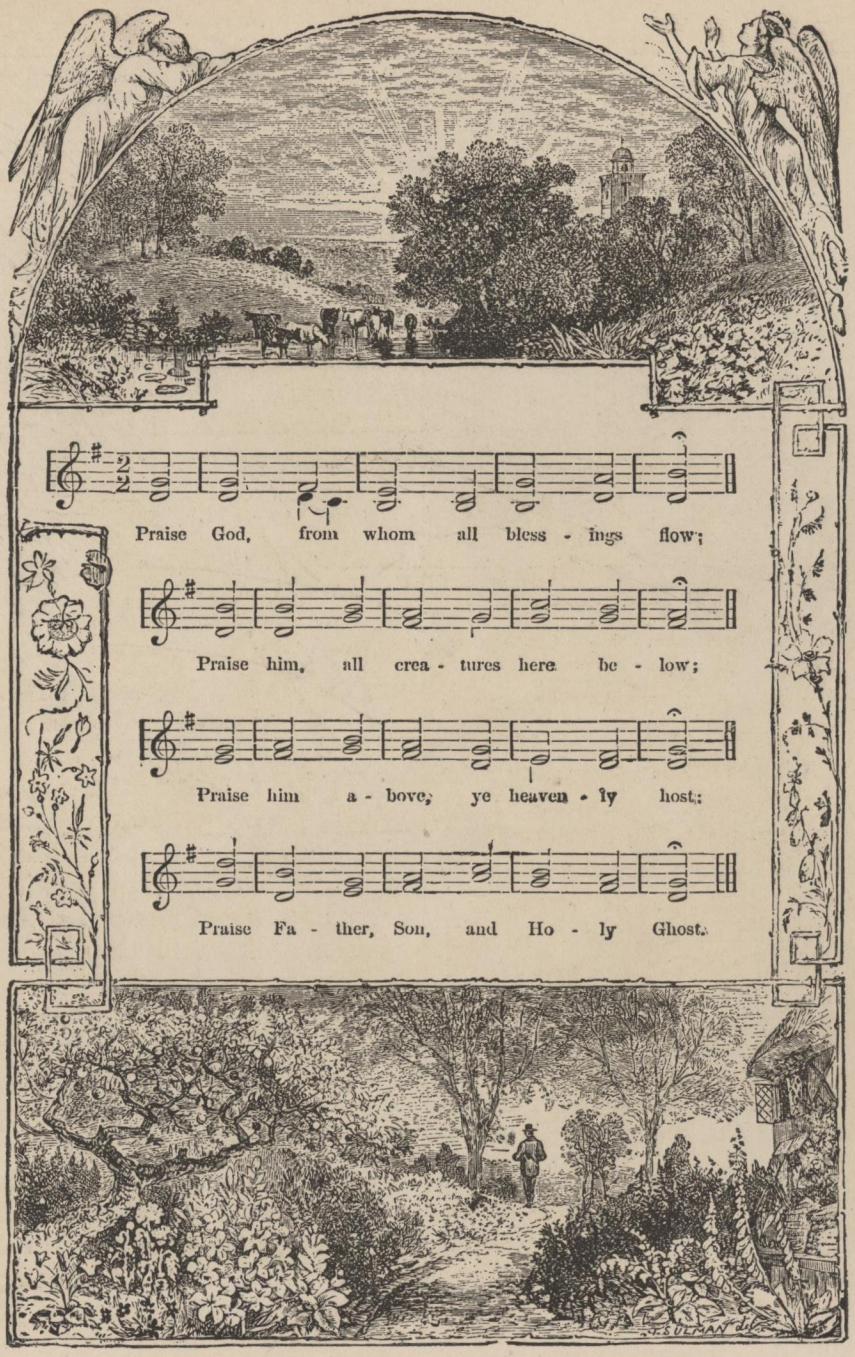
SPARROWS help much to make life happy in large towns. See how they have cleared the parks of all the disagreeable insects and worms that used to infest them. To children sparrows are an unceasing pleasure, as they love to watch them as they hop about, and pluckily contest for their daily food among cabs and carriages and horses and dogs; and when with their nurse-maids in the park, they become very familiar, especially if there are any crumbs to be had. The French are very fond of their sparrows, and know their value, and it is not uncommon to see parties dole out the crumbs, and in some instances find Mr. Sparrow perched on the head or shoulders of their kind benefactor. The sparrow is a very grateful bird, which can be easily proved when the ground is bare or covered with snow, by taking a few crumbs with you when you go out, and if you afterwards go in the same direction, you will find in a short time the sparrow will be waiting your coming, and welcome you with its twitter.

TEMPER.—A cheerful temper in a house is like perpetual sunshine, gladening and enlivening every one, in the presence of which you forget your troubles and would be ashamed to remember your annoyances; but a bad temper spoils everything. Offence taken at airy nothings, impatience under unavoidable worries, small things made into great ones by the magnifying power of suspicion, sullenness, irritability, ill-humor—who can say that all this has no influence? You might as well deny the stinging power of a midge or the penetrating quality of dust as deny the depressing effect of ill-humor wherever it is found and the corresponding good influence of sweet temper. Also, the imitation of either the one or the other, as it may chance which rules, is sure to break out in the younger and weaker of the family.

TASTE FOR READING.—Sir John Herschel has declared that, if he were to pray for a taste which should stand in every variety of circumstance and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to him through life, it would be a taste for reading. Give a man, he affirms, that taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you cannot fail of making him good and happy; for you bring him in contact with the best society in all ages, with the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest men who have adorned humanity, making him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all times.

GARNER up pleasant thoughts in your mind; for pleasant thoughts make pleasant lives. Strive to see all you can of the good and the beautiful, so that bright, cheerful pictures may be impressed upon memory's tablets, and give you materials of which to think sunny and lovely thoughts.

SOME are too proud to forgive themselves till the forgiveness of God has had its way with them, has drowned their pride in the tears of repentance, and made their heart come again like the heart of a little child.


Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow;
Praise him, all crea - tures here be - low;
Praise him a - bove, ye heaven - ly host;
Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.
T. S. ULLMAN del.

The Fisherman's Daughter.

MARY MONTGOMERY was a fisherman's daughter. She had to work very hard and make herself useful to her mother at home, and when her father was away in his boat fishing, Mary had sometimes to walk miles to the shore with provisions for her father and brother, who assisted his father. By her going to them it gave them much more time to fish, and as they were very poor, they wanted all the time they could get.

Sometimes Mary had to wait for hours before she would see her father's boat coming over the waters with its white sail, but generally she had a very good idea about the time, and had not long to wait. She sees her father's boat approaching, and it will only be a few minutes before it is at the shore. When Mary has long to wait, she collects the beautiful wild-flowers along the roadside, and always takes a handsome bouquet home to her mother, who is quite delicate, and who loves flowers very much.

CONSCIENCE AND HEALTH.—Old Isaak Walton says that "he that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping. Therefore be sure you look to that. And, in the next place, look to your health; and, if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of, a blessing that money cannot buy; therefore value it, and be thankful for it." Health is, indeed, worth preserving; it is the soul that animates all enjoyments in life, which fade, and are tasteless, if not dead, without it.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE.—It is a great comfort to have faith in Providence constantly impressed upon the mind, so as to have recourse to it in the midst of all confusions and all calamities, whether from within or from without—to be able to say, The great King who is also my Father, is the Supreme Ruler of all these things, and with Him all my interests are secure—in every distress, when all hope of human assistance is swallowed up in despair, to silence all fears with these comforting words, "Heaven will provide."

NEVER REST.—A wise man will never rust out. As long as he can move and breathe he will be doing for himself, his neighbor, or for posterity. Who is old? Not the man of energy, not the day-laborer in science, art, or benevolence, but he only who suffers his energies to waste away, and the springs of life to become motionless, on whose hands the hours drag heavily, and to whom all things wear the garb of gloom.

WASTE OF TIME.—When we are young we waste a great deal of time in imagining what we will do when we grow older; and when we are old we waste an equal amount of time in wondering why we waited so long before we began to do anything.

THE loss of a friend is like that of a limb; time may heal the anguish of the wound, but the loss cannot be repaired.

Job and His Friends.

A STRANGE and eventful history is that of the patriarch Job. Although the book which bears his name contains much poetry, there is a great deal of prose in it. The tribulations of this afflicted man were hard and solemn prose. The story of his patience under his sufferings has been handed down to us as a model worthy of imitation.

Job was wealthy in cattle, and flocks, and herds. He had around him all that riches could bestow, and a large family, every member of which he loved. At once disaster came. All that he prized was swept away, and he was left desolate, poor, and diseased.

In his distress three of his friends came to sympathize with him, and to discuss the causes of the calamities which had befallen him. Finding him in a state of great wretchedness, they made lamentation after the manner of oriental mourners, and remained seven days before saying a word. Then they spoke, first in words of pity, but soon changing to fault-finding and debate. They tried to prove to him that his troubles were sent by God as punishments for a course of sin.

After hearing all they had to say, Job spoke in his own defense. "Miserable comforters are ye all," said he, and eloquently went on to show them that God's counsels and judgments are beyond human knowledge.

Better days came to Job. His diseases were healed, and his poverty was turned to wealth. Sons and daughters were born to him, and again he had a happy home. Acquaintances who had forsaken him when he was poor crowded around him when prosperity returned. He lived a hundred and forty years, and saw his children's children to the fourth generation.

Receiving and Giving.

THAT man may breathe but never lives,
Who much receives but nothing gives,
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank.

Wouldst thou then live as well as breathe,
Each day round Want and Sorrow wreathe
A garland made with prayers, and pains,
And gifts, with thanks for all thy gains.

DON'T BE AFRAID.—You are a coward if afraid to tell the truth when you should do so. You are a coward when you insult the weak. You are a coward if afraid to do right, if you shrink from defending your opinion, for maintaining that which you know to be just and good; and you are especially a coward if you know certain things of yourself, and care not to own them to yourself.

THE better a man becomes, the stronger does the hope of "the glory of going on" take hold of his nature. The instinctive expectation of life beyond the grave strengthens with the increase of virtue in the soul. The man who lives best most keenly feels that life is worth living, most resolutely turns away from the thought of its extinction.

THE GRATEFUL DOG.

I WELL remember, when a child,
How angry home my pa once came—
(He who was ever just and mild)
And said: "It is a crying shame,
Our neighbors from their door have spurned
The faithful dog whose watchful care
Both day and night so well has earned
His humble pittance still to share—
Yet now, because he's ill, poor brute!
They little heed his sufferings mute—
Oh! such ingratitude's a sin!"
"Father," I cried—"let's take him in!"
"We will, my boy," he smiling said.
And Monarch from that day was fed,
And nursed and tended till at length
He had regained both health and strength,
And then it was a sight to see
How fond and playful he could be,
And how it seemed to be his pride
To let us children on him ride;
And when my little brother tripped
And down into the river slipped,
While mother in her frantic grief
Her hands was ringing on the bank,
Brave Monarch came to her relief,
And dragged the boy out ere he sank.
Oh! what a lesson this to teach
Proud humankind their faults to scan!
A dog, although bereft of speech,
Shows far more gratitude than man!"

SLOTH AND PRIDE.

A FABLE.

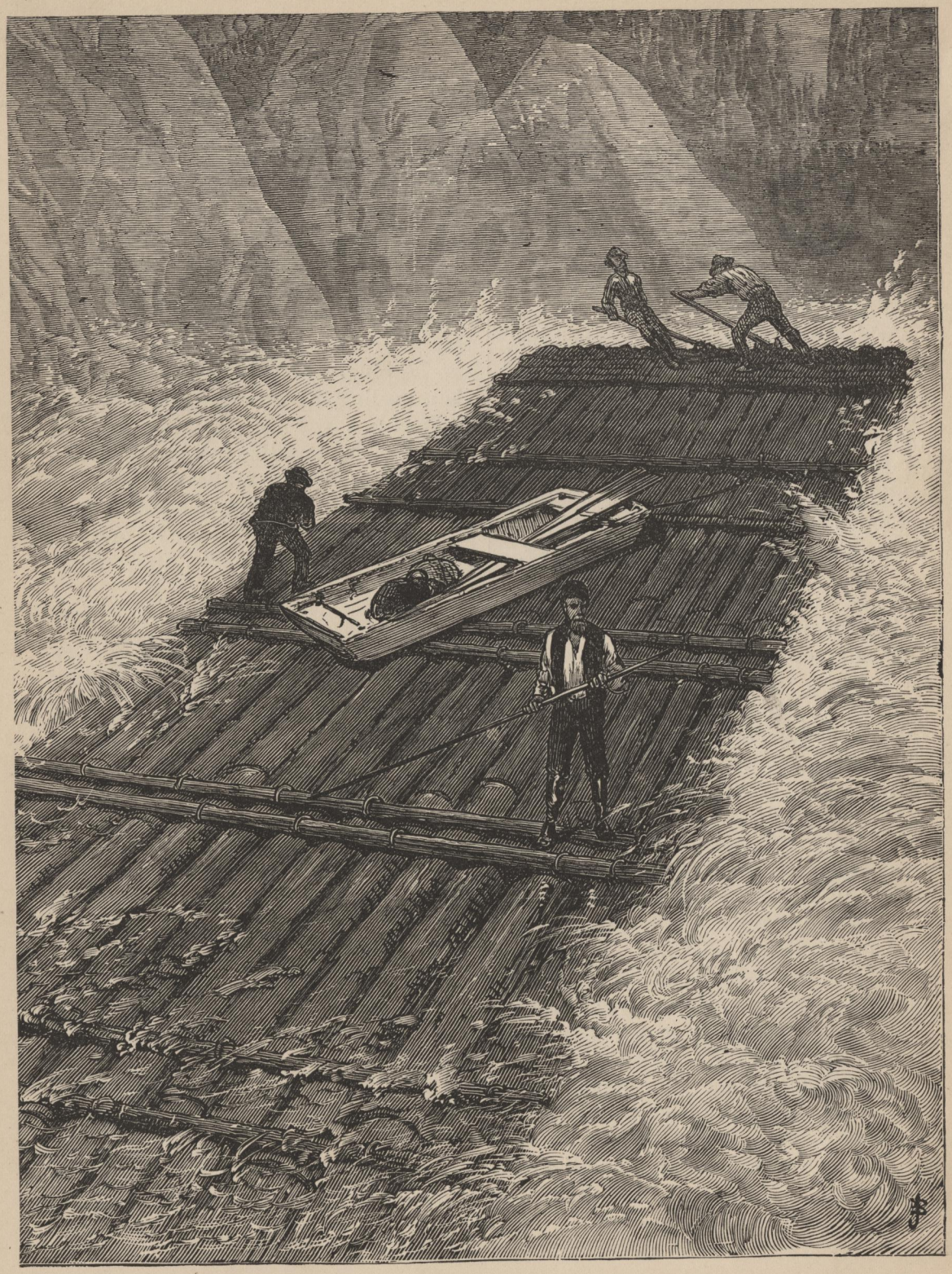
THE broom, wheelbarrow, hoe and spade
The place have all so tidy made,
That in one's socks I dare to say
You through the yard might pick your way.
And yet the peacock in his pride,
All thanks with graceless air denied.
"Now Master Cock," with haughty gloom
Quoth he, "the mud cart leave alone!
Nor hoe, nor barrow, spade nor broom,
Are company for us to own—
They are but scavengers at best."
"Such foolish sneers small wit attest,"
Replied straightforward chanticleer:
"To honest toilers thanks are due,
They've labored since the dew's first tear,
Now tell us—what's been done by you?"
The peacock proudly arched his neck,
And showed the gems his tail that deck,
When: "Leave your boasts, and wisdom learn,"
Thus spoke the cock, "had you to pay
For all the finery you display,
You'd die of hunger in a day
For idle pride can nothing earn."

The Raft in the Rapids.

HAVING, on my first arrival in this country, heard much of the novelty and romance of descending the Ottawa River on a raft, I took a notion of trying the experiment, and got on board of one comprised of masts for the Quebec market, and belonging to a wealthy lumber dealer, who was a friend of mine. The Ottawa is, I believe, the largest and longest river that rises and falls in the British empire—that is, that begins and ends in it; some portions of it are really magnificent stretches of lakes that reach as far as the eye can carry you. All its beauties were lost on me, however, as, before we were three days out, one of the men fell ill, and as we were miles from any habitation or point where we could supply his place, and as it was impossible to proceed without a new hand, I was constrained through sunshine and storm to take his pole and oar. Slowly and laboriously we were making our way, however, when one evening the raft, through some mismanagement of the men who were steering, got into the rapids and grounded at a point where assistance was out of the question. Now it was that I began to long for the moment when I could step ashore and take my chances in the wild woods that stretched far and near on all sides. What was to be done; we had been up all night trying to get her off the shoal but to no purpose. A little after daybreak, however, a brisk wind arose, and sweeping down the river tore us out of our dilemma and sent us on our way rejoicing. But when, after another week of it, we had not yet reached frontier civilization, I determined to quit the raft and trust the rest to Providence. This I could now do with a good grace, as the sick man had so recovered that he was quite able to resume his place. I was, therefore, put ashore at a small village, and having sufficient money with me, I commenced my journey along the banks of the river, and on the evening of the third day I arrived weary and footsore at St. Ann's, where I rested for some time. I was shown here the house on the banks of the river where Moore composed his famous "Canadian Boat Song."

GROWING OLD GRACEFULLY.—About those who grow old gracefully there lingers forever the freshness and tenderness of youth. The silver hair wears "Time's gathered snows." The foolish, baffled hopes of mere wordly ambition fade away before the infinite longing for things higher and holier, and to those upon whom they depend there come verses which never can be written, of sympathy with sorrow, resignation in affliction, cheerfulness in disappointment, and the sweet faith that helped to overcome all obstacles.

No work, however menial, can make an honest poor man lose his self-respect. Do whatever you can get to do, and do it so well that your employer will see that you are fit for something better, and the time is not far off when you will begin to rise.



Remarkable Incident.

THE Rev. H. J. Swale, of Ingfield, has a turkey-cock, the female partner of which was recently set on a number of eggs. Whilst the hen was so engaged, the cock, it appears, chanced to find a nest of fourteen ducks' eggs not far off, on which it forthwith commenced to sit, and while the process of incubation was going on it is said to have been a faithful sitter. It succeeded in bringing out four fine ducklings, and the remainder of the eggs were found to be rotten, which may be accounted for by their probable long exposure to the weather before they were found by the turkey.

A LITTLE CHILD.—A glittering golden sunbeam, an emblem of faith, love, purity, truth, humility, innocence, and simplicity; little creature of merriment, full of confidence and unflinching, implicit trust, courageous, dauntless, and fearless, the very embodiment of kindness, gentleness, tenderness, and affection; little restless spirit of joy, flitting as a bird, here, there, and everywhere; happy little tyrant and conqueror; a little wingless angel, ceaseless object of care and anxious solicitude; a seedling for good or bad fruit; a gentle and reproving monitor, perpetual reminder that this earthly life is probationary only; a mirror of life reflecting all its various dispositions and tendencies; little messenger from God, a test of our trusteeship and stewardship, a talent to be accounted for; an indefatigable seeker after knowledge; little creature of imagination in the highest degree; little philosopher, ever questioning "why and wherefore," "cause and effect;" a willing listener and apt scholar, with little ears only too ready and little eyes only too open, and possessing a mind capable of the slightest impression for good or for ill; sensitive and fragile as a delicate plant, easily distorted or bent, and speedily broken; the harbinger of peace; a little physician, healing all wounds, and diffusing comfort; a ray of sunshine on our rugged path, here this instant, gone the next, by its absence rendering darkness darker, creating a void, a blank, a rent in the heart that nothing can fill or heal, leaving behind a terrible, unutterable stillness and solitude.

"STICK TO IT."—Determine your course in life, and then do not swerve from it. Many young men commence their career without any definite plans. Thinking, to-day, perchance, to amass a fortune through some particular channel, they, to-morrow, easily alter it for some other. So they pass their lives, continually varying, always discontented with the present, and ever looking to the future for brighter days, which their indecision does not warrant them to expect.

IT is a great and a noble thing to excuse the failings of a friend; to draw the veil before his defects, and to display his perfections; to bury his weakness in silence, but to proclaim his virtues upon the housetop.

Jonah Cast Forth by the Whale

IN the story of Jonah we have an account of the troubles of a man who deliberately disobeyed God, and ran away from his duty. He set up his own will in opposition to God's command. Instead of going to Nineveh, he took ship at Joppa for the distant land of Tarshish.

His punishment was the strangest on record. A tempest arose and the sea raged furiously. The sailors cast lots to see whose fault it was that they were almost wrecked. Jonah was asleep, and the captain, arousing him, bid him call on the name of his God, and avert the worst of the disaster.

Trembling and covered with shame, he confessed the wrong he had done in trying to flee from Jehovah. They threw him into the sea, and the waves ceased their raging.

But the disobedient prophet was miraculously provided for. The Lord had prepared a great fish which swallowed him, and kept him for three days and three nights. From his strange abiding-place Jonah uttered a deeply penitent prayer, and made promise of a better life.

"I will sacrifice unto thee with the voice of thanksgiving. I will pay that that I have vowed. Salvation is of the Lord."

At a word of command from the Almighty, the fish brought Jonah safe to land, and deposited him upon the shore. Now he was ready for duty. With great diligence he went to Nineveh, and preached so earnestly and faithfully that many of the people of that wicked city turned from their evil ways. A public fast was proclaimed by the king. All business was suspended in order that the people should cry mightily unto God. The doom with which the city had been threatened was stayed, and Nineveh was saved.

MAN.—Man is a creature put into this life to be awakened and educated with reference to himself and to his fellows. He is put here to be educated through the body and through matter into ascendency over them, and to be educated respecting his character, for the sake of his condition hereafter. In order therefore to judge of what is good and what is bad, and among bad things what are worse and what are better, and among good things what are best and what are least good, we must consider the relation of things to the design and destiny of human existence. That which tends to make the most of a man, and to make him quickest in the things for which he was created, and which is most efficient in preparing him for harmonization in himself and social harmonization, and for immortality and glory, is the best; whereas that which most stands in the way of these things is the worst—but nothing is indifferent which has a bearing on man's development for time and for eternity.

BE noble-minded. Our own heart, and not other men's opinions of us, forms our true honor.

The Excellency of the Bible.

BERTHOLD TOURS.

With devotion.

Great God, with won -der and with praise On all Thy works I
The fields pro -vide me food, and show The goodness of the

look; But still Thy wisdom, power, and grace, Shine brightest in Thy Book. The
Lord; But fruits of life and glo - ry grow In Thy most ho-ly Word. Here

stars that in their cour - ses roll Have much in-struc - tion given; But
are my choic - est trea - sures hid, Here my best com - fort lies, Here

pp *legato.*

cres. *p* *mf*

Thy good Word in-forms my soul How I may climb to heaven; But
my de- sires are sat - is - fied, And hence my hopes a - rise. Here

cres. *p*

decrescendo. *p* *1st time.*

Thy good Word in-forms my soul How I may climb to heaven.
my de - sires are sat - is-fied, And hence my hopes

mf *decrescendo.* *p* *mf*

p *2nd time.*

a - rise.

diminuendo. *p* *mf* *pp*

The Young Sailor.

JOHN HARTLEY was a fisherman, who was very often away fishing, and during the busy season he had little time left to himself at home, and when he did arrive home he took great pleasure in explaining to Arthur, his youngest son, the different parts of a ship, and tell long stories of storms and adventures at sea.

At his odd time he had made Arthur a model of a full-rigged ship, and in the evenings he would take a saunter down to the beach where the fishing-boats were all laying around, and, taking a seat on one of them, or any other seat that was convenient, would explain all the different parts of the ship to him, so that he soon became able to tell the names of all the sails, spars, and other parts of the boat. After a good deal of consultation, they named the ship "Columbia," and had it painted on the stern in large letters. He used to sail it on some of the pools of water that was along the sea-shore, and once he entrusted it in the sea, but the wind took it away so far, and he had so much trouble in getting it again, that he never tried the sea again.

SELF-RESPECT.—Always remember no one can debase you but yourself. Slander, satire, falsehood, injustice—these can never rob you of your manhood. Men may lie about you, they may denounce you, they may cherish suspicions manifold, they may make your failings the target of their wit or cruelty; never be alarmed; never swerve an inch from the line your conscience has marked out for you.

YOU need not fear for the manhood of a good boy. If the little fellow looks into your eyes and speaks the honest truth, if he is respectful to those who deserve respect, brave when he should be brave, and yet with no shame of being gentle, thank Heaven, and do all you can to keep him so; but have no fear. As vices strengthen, so do virtues. The good boy is more than likely to be a better man.

GOD respects not the arithmetic of our prayers, how many they are; nor the rhetoric of our prayers, how long they are; nor the music of our prayers, how melodious they are; nor the logic of our prayers, how methodical they are—but the divinity of our prayers, how heart-sprung they are. Not gifts, but graces, prevail in prayer.

SEEK only that which will stand you in stead in the day of trial and be of permanent benefit to you. Honesty is yet, and for ever will be, the best policy—even if you insist upon putting it as low as that; and dishonesty is like the breaking through of water, where, if one drop can pass, more can follow.

STUDIES nourish youth, delight old age, are the ornament of prosperity, and the solacement and the refuge of adversity; they are delectable at home, and not burdensome abroad; they gladden us at night and on our journeys, and in the country.

Fog Bow as seen from the Matterhorn.

THIS is a representation of one of the most interesting of meteorological phenomena, as seen from one of the highest and most inaccessible of the Alpine peaks, by Mr. Edward Whymper, the sole survivor of the four Englishmen who first succeeded in ascending to its summit. It frequently happens that moist, warm, currents of air, rising up along the sides of the mountains until they meet colder air, become chilled, and the vapor they contain becomes condensed, and forms a cloud about the peaks. The term "cloud capped" has therefore been frequently applied to mountains. In the Alpine range this occurrence frequently takes place, and as the sun shines through these fogs or clouds, the beautiful phenomena of a fog bow is seen there as frequently as in any other part of the globe, although the sight is one which few ever have an opportunity to witness, having sometimes to ascend as high as 14,000 feet to view it in all its granduer, this being the height at which Mr. Whymper viewed it on that memorable occasion, when he reached the highest of the Alpine peaks, and which never had been reached by man before.

The Human Heart.

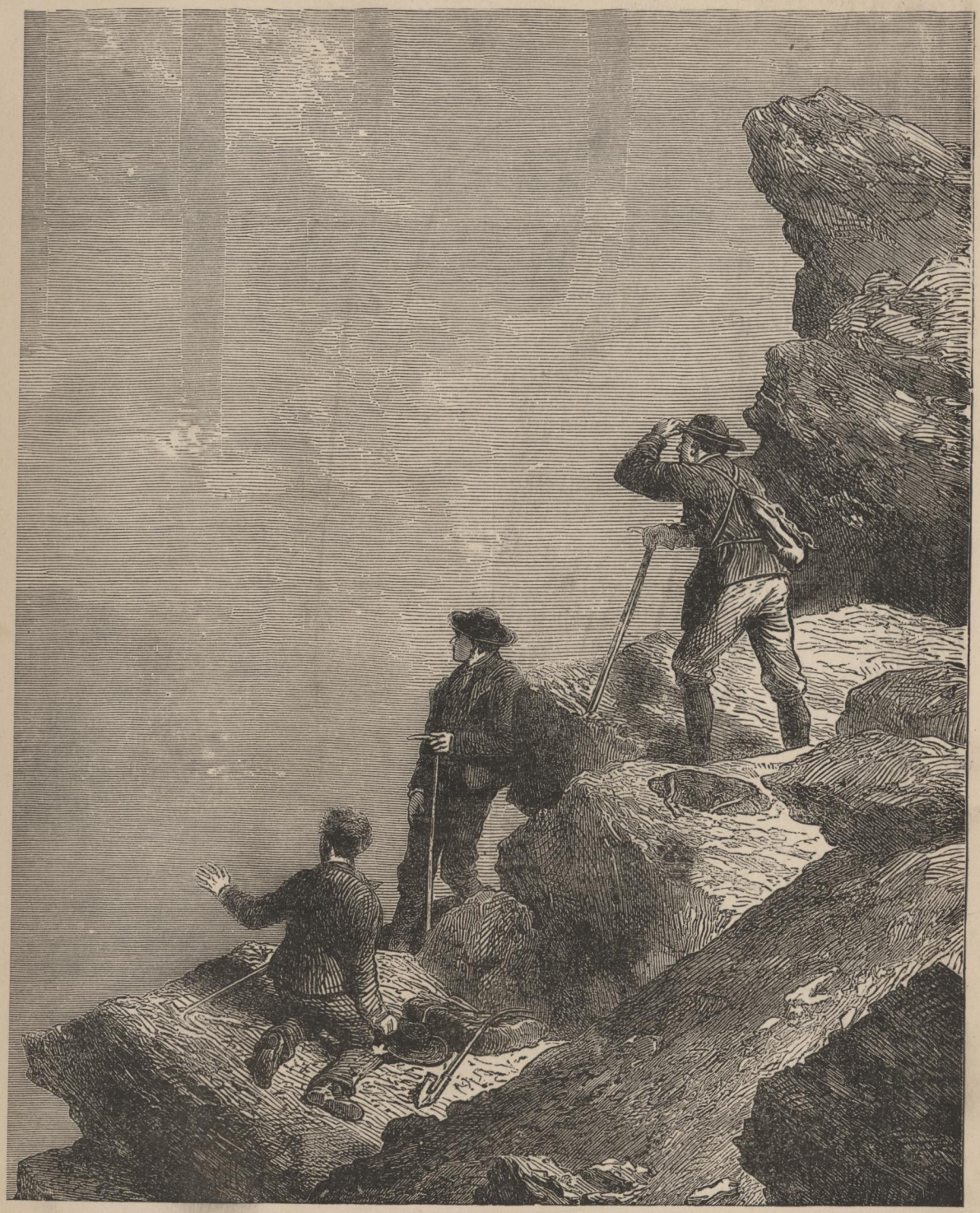
THERE is in every human heart
Some not completely barren part,
Where seeds of love and truth might grow,
And flowers of generous virtue blow;
To plant, to watch, to water there,
This be our duty—this our care.

EDUCATE THE HEART.—Begin the education of the heart, not with the cultivation of noble propensities, but with the cutting away of those that are evil. When once the noxious herbs are withered and rooted out, then the more noble plants, strong in themselves, will shoot upward. The virtues, like the body, become strong more by labor than nourishment.

TACT IN POLITENESS.—Politeness must be varied, to suit the occasion. For example, an amount of attention which would be almost painful to a retiring young woman may be very acceptable to others of a more exacting temper. Nothing but really kind feeling and a quick desire to please can ever dictate all the fine details of gentle manners.

THE BEAUTIFUL.—Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's hand-writing—a wayside sacrament. Welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank Him for it, the fountain of all loveliness, and drink it in simply and earnestly; 'tis a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.

IT is a fact of history that the purest and noblest life on God's green earth has been born of the Christian faith.



The Nativity.

FOUR thousand years after Adam was placed in Eden, an opinion prevailed throughout the eastern countries that an extraordinary man would appear who should reign in Herod's place, and be received as the king of the Jews.

Consequently the people were on the watch for some sign or token of the remarkable event that had been predicted, and concerning which the prophets of the Old Testament had spoken so confidently.

God communicated with his people in dreams, and made use of the stars and planets to convey his messages.

The appearance of a bright and steady light in the east was hailed as a divine indication that what had long been promised was about to come to pass, and wise men from afar made preparation to journey to Jerusalem, and pay their homage to the new-born king.

They provided themselves with gold, frankincense, and myrrh, as offerings to Him who was to establish His kingdom among them.

Following the direction of the star that kindly guided them at night, they came to Bethlehem, one of the most insignificant places in all Judea. Here they found no palace, nor any indications of royalty.

In a mean stable, where cattle were housed, the wise men found the infant Jesus, with his humble parents.

Unshaken in their confidence in God, they recognized the babe as the long-expected Messiah, and prostrating themselves before him, offered their rich gifts, and hailed him as their Saviour-King.

ACTIONS.—Our actions are our own; their consequences belong to heaven.

Work with boldness and with speed;
On greatest actions greatest dangers feed.
The body sins not; 'tis the will
That makes the action good or ill.

MANNERS are the happy ways of doing things; each one a stroke of genius or of love, now repeated and hardened into usage, they form at last a rich varnish, with the routine of life washed, and its details adorned. If they are superficial, so are the dew-drops which give such a depth to the morning meadows.

KEEP STRAIGHT AHEAD.—Pay no attention to slanderers and gossip-mongers. Keep straight on in your course, and let their backbiting die the death of neglect. What is the use of lying awake at night, brooding over the remark of some false friend, that runs through your brain like lightning?

TALKING AND LISTENING.—It is a secret known but to few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into conversation with a man, the first thing you should consider is whether he has a greater inclination to hear you or that you should hear him.

A SWEET temper is to the household what sunshine is to trees and flowers.

H. CHAPON

THE COVETOUS BOY.

A LITTLE boy, one summer's day,
Sat all alone to eat his cake,
And if a comrade said: "Oh, pray,
A tiny morsel let me take"—
The little boy would run away.

The dog next said in language dumb,
While coaxingly he licked his brow:
"Do let me nibble just a crumb!"
"You greedy thing, all's eaten now!"
Thus false the graceless child replied,
For still the lump of cake he tried
Behind his back from Tray to hide.

But he had reckon'd without the chickens,
Who with the cake soon played the dickens,
And pecked and pecked till on the ground,
Not e'en a morsel could be found;
Let the child search both left and right,
Alas! the cake had vanished quite!
And then, as if to mock the boy,
The cock crowed loud with spiteful joy,
And cried: "O won't your mammy bake
Just such another dainty cake!"
Thus he who ne'er his cake would share,
Had lost it all from over care.

NOON.

THROUGHOUT the village, from each hearth
The curling smoke is rising high—
And laboring men who till the earth
Seek refuge from the scorching sky.
The wanderer halts where green trees grow,
The bees are humming 'midst the corn,
The mowers' cheeks are all a-glow
Like any blushing rose at morn.

The maid returning from the fields,
Now brings, in pails of shining tin,
The luscious milk the milk-cow yields—
"'Tis time," the dame says, "you came in."
For all the little ones beset
The housewife with their cries, and mutter :
"If dinner is not ready yet,
Let's have a slice of bread and butter."

"Yes you shall have some by-and-by,
But Hannah first the men shall serve
Who've labored ere the sun was high,
And well their noon-day meal deserve.
For you've been staying where 'tis cool,
And from the door a brook's in sight—
And neither play nor even school
Can give you half their appetite.

There now, be patient and be good!
Then fold your hands in humble mood,
And may our heavenly Father bless your food!"

Jessie to the Dead Robin.

FAREWELL, little bird! we shall see you no more.
Your arch, merry ways that have charmed us of yore,
Your sweet, plaintive song, your gay chirp, are now passed.
How I wish pretty things forever could last!

To be killed where you trusted, oh! hard was your fate.
I saw the quick pounce, but oh! just too late.
Oh! had I but known that pussy was there,
Known he was hiding beneath mother's chair!

I'll bury you under our prettiest tree,
The pink-blossomed thorn; around you will be
All sweet-scented flowers: you will lie by the side
Of my darling canary who long ago died.

ERADICATING CONCEIT.—Humility has this consolation. It finds that the greatest minds have had the least conceit; that Shakespeare bent down from the imperial height of his intellect to be taught by a clown, to be informed by a milkmaid; that Socrates, in his celebrated voyage in search of knowledge, with his perpetual questions concerning the cause of things, found that knowledge in a workman's shop which he could not find amongst the schools of the professors or philosophers; that Newton compared himself to a child who, playing on the sea-shore, had picked up a shell here and a stone there, and thought them pretty, but knew no more of them. The bullet of steel is worn smooth and polished when it has passed through the gizzard of an ostrich. The most conceited young prig who ever lived will find his level when brought to the rude experience of the world.

Drive the Nail.

DRIVE the nail aright, boys,
Hit it on the head;
Strike with all your might, boys,
Ere the time has fled.
Lessons you've to learn, boys—
Study with a will;
They who reach the top, boys,
First must climb the hill.

Standing at the foot, boys,
Gazing at the sky;
How can you get up, boys,
If you never try?
Though you stumble oft, boys,
Never be downcast;
Try and try again, boys,
You'll succeed at last.

Always persevere, boys,
Though your task is hard;
Toil and happy trust, boys,
Bring their own reward.
Never give it up, boys;
Always say you'll try,
You will gain the crown, boys,
Surely, by-and-by.

Love's Links.

WHEN the task of the day has been conquered, I turn
Toward my snug nest in the valley below,
Where, attuned by the fairies, a light-hearted burn
Forever makes music, and rare blossoms blow.

But a cluster of blossoms more rare I behold,
As the sound of my footfall awakens a shout,
And with cheeks red as sunrise and locks bright as gold,
A brave troop of youngsters comes hurrying out.

Every sense of fatigue is forgotten, or flies,
The instant those dear ones are thronging around,
And full oft a warm tear or two steals to my eyes,
The tear not of sorrow, but pleasure profound.

Then they cling to my skirt and they catch at my hand,
And lead me a captive, most willing I own,
To the pleasantest prison through all this broad land,
And the tenderest gaolers that ever were known.

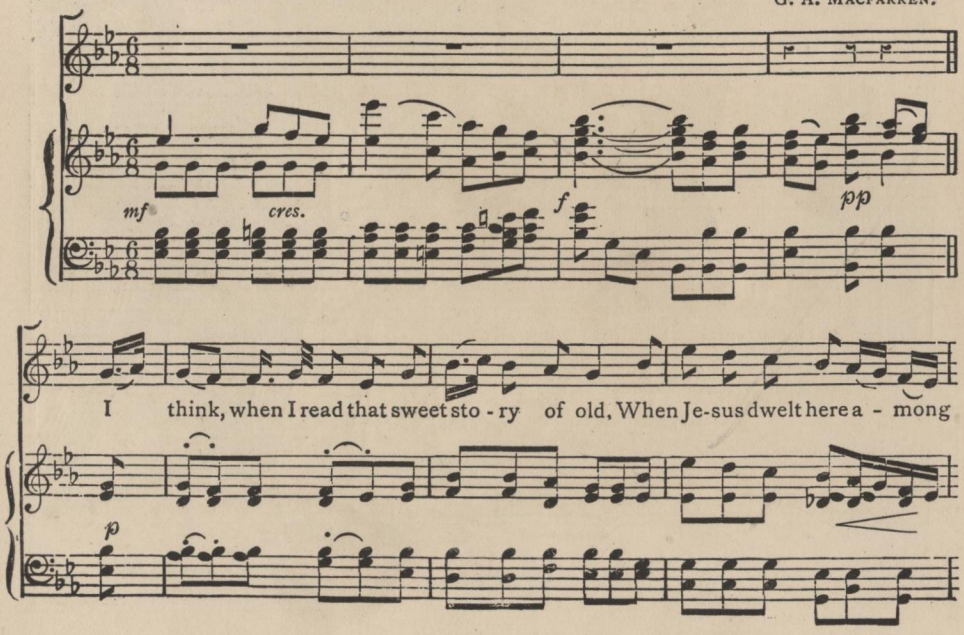
A SENSE OF HUMOR.—Good humor is rightly reckoned a most valuable aid to happy home-life. An equally good and useful faculty is a sense of humor, or the capacity to have a little fun along with the humdrum cares and work of life. We all know how it brightens up things generally to have a lively, witty companion, who sees the ridiculous points of things, and who can turn an annoyance into an occasion for laughter. It does a great deal better to laugh over some domestic mishaps than to scold or cry over them. Many homes and lives are dull because they are allowed to become too deeply impressed with a sense of the cares and responsibilities of life to recognize its bright and mirthful side. Into such a household, good, but dull, the advent of a witty, humorous friend is like sunshine on a cloudy day.

INDUSTRY.—If proficiency encourages industry, so also does industry produce proficiency. They act and react upon each other. The execution of any work is of itself a part of our education; it qualifies us for the next thing in hand; while doing nothing incapacitates us for any sort of exertion in the future. All our faculties will rust if not used, and will become sharper by each exertion. But the exertion must be made intelligently; we must know where to plant our forces, and how to manage them; we must accustom ourselves to use the best methods, and to do all we undertake in the best way. Then success and industry will go hand in hand, and the pain of useless labor will be entirely replaced by the pleasure of conscious power.

SAYING AND DOING.—There is a good wide ditch between saying and doing.

I think, when I read that sweet story of old.

G. A. MACFARREN.



men, . . . And call'd lit-tle chil-dren as lambs to His fold, I should

like to have been with them then. I wish that His hands had been

f *p*

put on my head, And that I had been placed on His knee, And that

cres. *f* *p*

I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let . . . the lit - tle ones

pp

come . un-to Me."

The Flight into Egypt.

WHEN the wicked King Herod heard of the birth of Jesus, and the manner in which he had been received by the Jews, he was indignant at the thought of having a rival in his kingdom. He sought in many ways to find out where the young child was secreted, and had planned to waylay the wise men on their return from Bethlehem.

The wise men had intended to report their success at Jerusalem, but being warned of God not to return to Herod, they went to their own country by a more direct way, and so defeated his impious project.

Herod, after waiting for some time and finding the wise men did not return, was greatly enraged at their treating him with such dishonorable contempt. To gratify his rage and jealousy he issued a command that all male children, under two years of age, that were found in Bethlehem, or the adjacent villages, should be put to death.

Who can describe the brutal horrors of that scene? The cry of anguish that arose in the land was unheeded by the cruel tyrant. Innocent babes were torn from their mothers' arms, and butchered before their eyes. The slaughter was terrible.

The angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph in a dream, saying, "Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and remain there until I bring thee word, for Herod will seek the young child to destroy it."

Joseph made as little delay as possible in obeying the heavenly vision, and under cover of the night the holy family departed into Egypt, and remained there until after the death of the cruel king.

Table Rules for Little Folks.

In silence I must take my seat,
And give God thanks before I eat;
Must for my food in patience wait,
Till I am asked to hold my plate.
I must not scold, nor whine, nor pout,
Nor move my chair nor plate about;
With knife, or fork, or napkin ring
I must not play, nor must I sing;
I must not speak a useless word,
For children should be seen, not heard;
I must not talk about my food,
Nor fret if I don't think it good;
I must not say, "The bread is old,"
"The tea is hot," "The coffee cold:"
I must not cry for this or that,
Nor murmur if my meat is fat.
My mouth with food I must not crowd,
Nor while I'm eating speak aloud;
Must turn my head to cough or sneeze,
And when I ask say, "If you please."
The tablecloth I must not spoil,
Nor with my food my fingers soil;
Must keep my seat when I have done,
Nor round the table sport or run;
When told to rise, then I must put
My chair away with noiseless foot,
And lift my heart to God above,
In praise of all his wondrous love.

The world is governed by three things—wisdom, authority, and appearances. Wisdom is for thoughtful people, authority for rough people, and appearances for the great mass of superficial people, who can look only at the outside.

Twin Sisters.

THEY had been born together,
In the same cradle lay,
And by the same fond mother
Cherished from day to day.

And when they played together,
No stranger ever knew
The one child from the other,
Like as two drops of dew.

They had grown up together,
Mind answering to mind;
Clinging to one another,
Like two frail planes entwined.

Oh! if they die together,
As flowers on the same stem
Wither in chilly weather,
Death will be sweet to them.

Old Sayings.

As poor as a church mouse,
As thin as a rail;
As fat as a porpoise,
As rough as a gale;
As brave as a lion,
As spry as a cat;
As bright as a sixpence,
As weak as a rat.

As proud as a peacock,
As sly as a fox;
As mad as a March hare,
As strong as an ox;
As fair as a lily,
As empty as air;
As rich as a Crœsus,
As cross as a bear.

As pure as an angel,
As neat as a pin;
As smart as a steel trap,
As ugly as sin;
As dead as a door-nail,
As white as a sheet;
As flat as a pancake,
As red as a beet.

As round as an apple,
As black as your hat;
As brown as a berry,
As blind as a bat;
As mean as a miser,
As full as a tick;
As plump as a partridge,
As sharp as a stick.

As clean as a penny,
As dark as a pall;
As hard as a mill-stone,
As bitter as gall;
As fine as a fiddle,
As clear as a bell;
As dry as a herring,
As deep as a well.

As light as a feather,
As firm as a rock;
As stiff as a poker,
As calm as a clock;
As green as a gosling,
As brisk as a bee;
And now let me stop,
Lest you weary of me.

BEAUTY.—He who looks on beauty with a pure affection forgets the loveliness of the body in that of the soul, and rises by means of that earthly beauty to the great artist, to the very essence of loveliness.

Angel's Praise.

PRAISE the Lord! his glories show,
Saints within his courts below,
Angels round his throne above,
All that see and share his love.
Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
Tell his wonders, sing his worth;
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise him, praise him, evermore!

Praise the Lord! his mercies trace;
Praise his providence and grace;
All that he for man hath done,
All he sends us through his Son:
Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts;
All that breathe, your Lord adore,
Praise him, praise him, evermore?

Loss of Friends.—Never cast aside your friends if by any possibility you can retain them. We are the weakest of spendthrifts if we let one friend drop off through inattention, or let one push away another, or if we hold aloof from one for petty jealousy or heedless slight or roughness. Would you throw away a diamond because it pricked you? One good friend is not to be weighed against the jewels of all the earth. If there is coolness or unkindness between us, let us come face to face and have it out—quick, before the love grows cold. Life is too short to quarrel in or to carry black thoughts of friends. It is easy to lose a friend, but a new one will not come for calling, nor make up for the old one when he comes.

Age and Youth.—Hard age and irreverent youth will not make a good combination, whatever name associates them together; but age that is tender and maternal, age that remembers its own youth and does not demand bread from the growing corn nor wine from the green grapes, and youth that can feel for infirmities which it does not know, and that can believe in wisdom which it has not reached—these two together make a whole, perfect for what it is, and turn a chance companionship into a mutual blessing, and out of a temporary association create a life-long affection.

Human Greatness.—We cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great man without gaining something by him. He is the living light fountain, which it is good and pleasant to be near; the light which enlightens, which has enlightened the darkness of the world; and this, not as a kindled lamp only, but rather as a natural luminary, shining by the gift of heaven; a flowing light fountain, as I say, of native original insight, of manhood and heroic nobleness, in whose radiance all souls feel that it is well with them.

There are certain times when a hearty greeting, a word of cheer, a token of sympathy, or a little friendly assistance are most valuable and life-giving; but let the moment slip by and they are needed no longer and lose all their virtue. How often has the help that might have saved the sick and suffering arrived too late to be of any avail!

English Cathedral, Montreal.

CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, located on St. Catherine's Street, Montreal, is the most perfect specimen of English Gothic architecture in America.

It is cruciform in shape, two hundred and twelve feet long, and is built of rough Montreal stone, with facings of Caen stone. A stately stone spire, two hundred and twenty-four feet high, springs from the intersection of the nave and transepts. The interior is very rich: the pointed roof of the nave rises to a height of sixty-seven feet, and is sustained by columns of Caen stone, whose capitals are carved to represent Canadian plants.

The choir is forty-six feet long, is paved with encaustic tiles, and contains a fine stained glass window. On either side are elaborately carved stalls for the clergy.

In front of the cathedral stands a graceful Gothic monument to Bishop Fulford, and on the north is a quaint octagonal chapter house, which contains the diocesan library.

BY example, a thousand times more quickly than by precept, children can be taught to speak kindly to each other, to acknowledge favors, to be gentle and unselfish, to be thoughtful and considerate of the comforts of the family. The boys, with inward pride at their father's courteous demeanor, will be chivalrous and helpful to their young sisters; the girls, imitating the mother, will be gentle and patient, even when big brothers are noisy and heedless.

HALF the people of the world are idle for want of some overseeing eye to set them to work. The advice which Haydon gave to the erratic poet Keats, to settle down to some definite purpose, needs be given to almost one half of mankind. There are very few persons but would find themselves comfortably well off if they would take hold of any one of a hundred pursuits and stick to it. Industry and economy will make a most wonderful change in many households.

BANISH all malignant and revengeful thoughts. A spirit of revenge is a spirit of the devil, than which nothing makes a man more like him, and than which nothing is more opposite to the temper which Christianity desires to promote. If your revenge be not satisfied, it will give you torment now; if it be, it will give you greater hereafter. None is a greater self-tormentor than a malicious and a revengeful man, who turns the poison of his own temper upon himself.

THE Chinese have a proverb to the effect that if you keep a serpent in a bamboo it remains straight, but directly you let it out it resumes its crooked nature. So it is with many men. They are placed in circumstances which act as a restraint upon them, and they seem to be walking aright; but take that restraint away, and they soon show by their lives that the nature of the old serpent is in them still.

BEGINNINGS are alike; it is the endings that differ.

What is Life?

A LITTLE crib beside the bed,
A little face above the spread,
A little frock behind the door,
A little shoe upon the floor.

A little lad with dark brown hair,
A little blue-eyed face and fair,
A little lane that leads to school,
A little pencil, slate and rule.

A little, blithesome, winsome maid,
A little hand within is laid;
A little cottage, acres four,
A little old-time household store.

A little family gathered round;
A little, turf-heaped, tear-dewed mound;
A little added to his soil;
A little rest from hardest toil.

A little silver in his hair,
A little stool and easy chair;
A little night of earth-lit gloom;
A little cortege to the tomb.

THE moment a girl has a secret from her mother, or has received a letter she dares not let her mother read, or has a friend of whom her mother does not know, she is in certain danger. A secret is not a good thing for a girl to have. The fewer secrets that lie in the hearts of women at any age the better. It is almost a test of purity. She who has none of her own is best and happiest. In girlhood hide nothing from your mother; do nothing that, if discovered by your father, would make you blush.

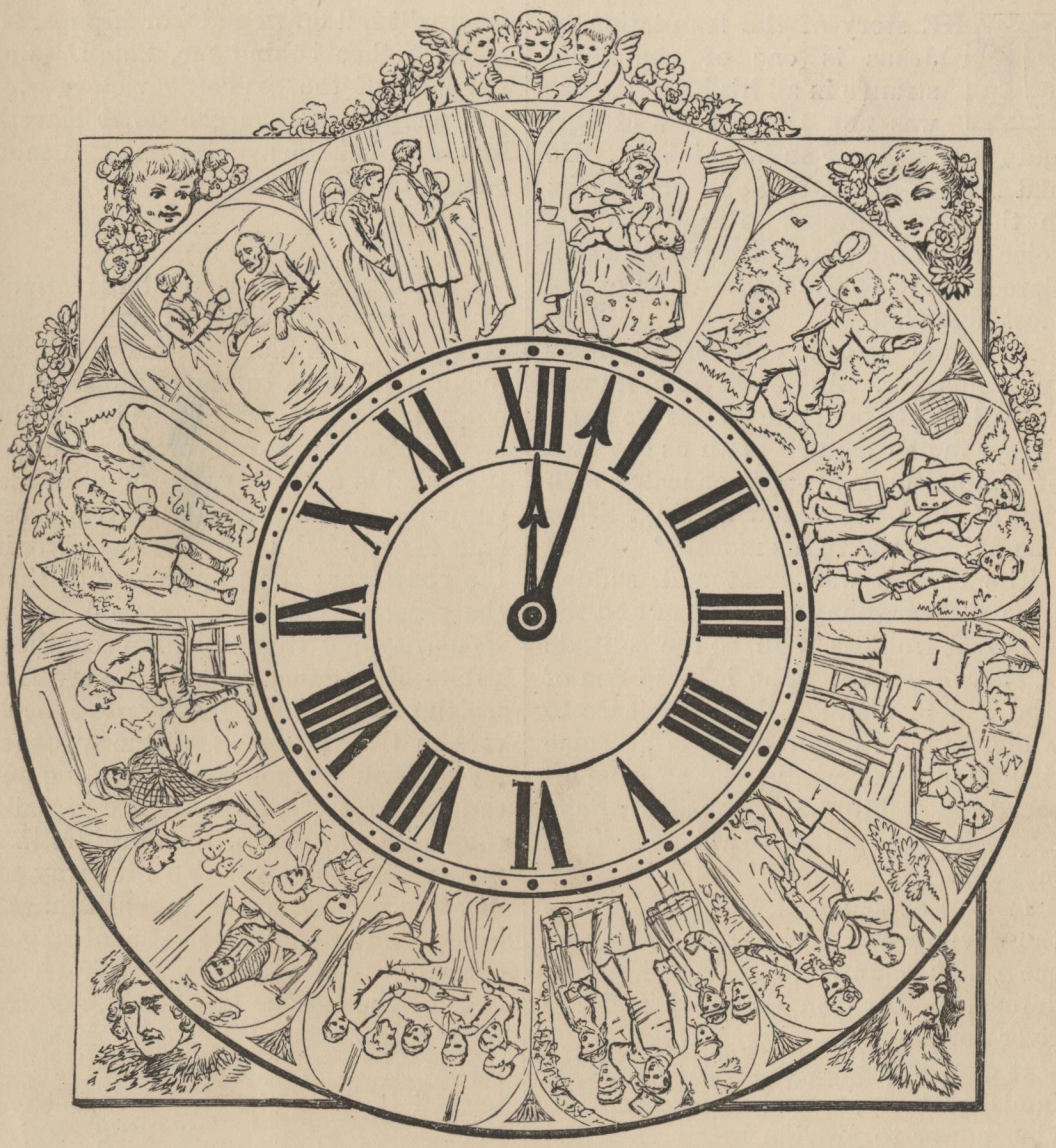
OUR NOBLER NATURE.—Let us be true to ourselves, to the nobler nature implanted within our hearts, never abandoning what we have undertaken, nor breaking the once-spoken promise, but die, if needs be, at our posts, rather than desert them, our epitaph the soldier's of olden days:

"Whose hand was loyal to his sword,
Whose heart was faithful to his word."

WHEN Goethe says that in every human condition foes lie in wait for us, "vincible only by cheerfulness and equanimity," he does not mean that we can at all times be really cheerful, or at a moment's notice, but that the endeavor to look at the better side of things will produce the habit, and that this habit is the surest safeguard against the danger of sudden evils.

BEGIN the education of the heart, not with the cultivation of noble propensities, but with the cutting away of those that are evil. When once the noxious herbs are withered and rooted out, then the more noble plants, strong in themselves, will shoot upwards. The virtues, like the body, become strong and healthy more by labor than by nourishment.

ONE of the lessons which young people have to learn by experience is the power, as well as the enduring quality, of deeds and words, and that they cannot talk idly as the wind whistles, or do carelessly as the reeds float, with no effect produced and no impress made.



The Temptation.

THE story of the temptation of Jesus is one of the most strange in all his history. He was now thirty years of age, and ready to enter on his ministry. He had been baptized by John the Baptist in the river Jordan, after which the voice speaking from heaven had declared him to be the beloved Son of the most high God.

As Son of God, he was the all-powerful Redeemer. As Son of Man, he was "in all points tempted like as we are," except in one point. With us the idea of temptation is always connected with that of sin. "He knew no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth."

The change was great and sudden from the ceremony of baptism and the approval from on high, to the solitude of the wilderness. The beloved Son of God was to undergo the experience to which every human heart is at some time or other exposed. Cut off from all social fellowship, he was for forty days exposed to the attacks of the enemy of mankind.

It is probable that the place where the Saviour was tempted by Satan was the rough country to the northeast of Jerusalem, between that city and the river Jordan.

It first appealed to the needs of the famished body, and the exercise of divine power to provide bread from the stones of the desert. Next the tempter tried his arts on what is in mankind a weak point, the love of praise. Failing in these, his last resort was to that spirit of the love of gain, so deeply seated in the heart of every mortal.

"All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me."

"Get thee behind me, Satan," was the sum of the Saviour's victory over the tempter. Then the devil leaveth him, and behold angels came and ministered unto him.

CHARACTER.—The character is formed by the personal habits of daily life as much as by the thoughts and principles inculcated. The careless and unmethodical in action will scarcely be the accurate observer, the correct reporter, the reliable authority, or the steadfast supporter in other matters. The loose ends of daily habits repeat themselves in the character; the graver virtues than the prosaic qualities of method, order, regularity and the like follow on those habits of forethought and observation which elder people try so hard to inculcate in the younger, and the younger try so hard not to learn. Also no one can exaggerate the importance of daily combating the sins or the frailities that most easily beset us. To give way today to a fit of inconsiderate selfishness, unfounded suspicion, irrational anger, or careless self-indulgence makes control all the harder to-morrow, and the folly committed now all the easier to repeat then. The character is not formed by great leaps, by one strong impression, by a few striking experiences, but by small repeated touches, by the constant rippling of daily thoughts, the minute shaping of daily habits.

From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

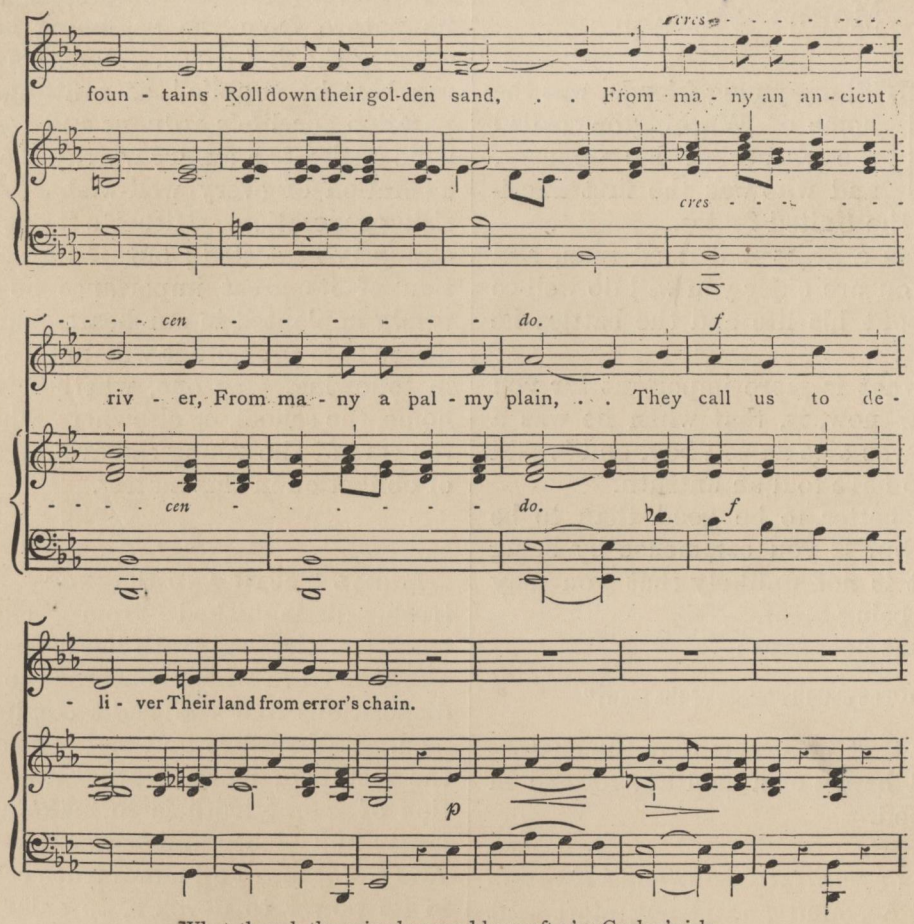
Allegro moderato.

HENRY LESLIE.

1. From

p

Greenland's i - cy moun - tains, From In-dia's co- ral strand; Where A-fric's sun-ny



What though the spicy breezes blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though ev'ry prospect pleases, and only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness the gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we whose souls are lighted with wisdom from on high—
Shall we to men benighted the lamp of light deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation! the joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation has learnt Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story, and you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory it spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature the Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator, in bliss returns to reign.

Mount Vernon.

THIS, my young friends, was the home of Washington, called the Father of his Country, and who was the first President of the United States.

He was a great and good man, and when you are older you will do well to read about his life and the battles he fought.

But what is more important for you to know now, is, that when he was a boy he was also a good boy, and is said never to have told an untruth.

It is better to be good than to be great; but if you commence by being good, it is not unlikely that you may end by being great.

A great poet says:

"The child is father of the man;"

and by that he means that the character and habits of a man are formed in childhood.

PLAIN AND REASONABLE KNOWLEDGE.—A sound and strong statement of what is right, and why it is right, of what is wrong, and why it is wrong, is a most needful foundation for any other moral or religious training that may follow with the young. From the lack of this plain and reasonable knowledge comes much of the confusion of mind which fails to detect the sophistry with which self-interest will plead against the calls of honor and of duty. People drift into wrong-doing of every kind far oftener than they deliberately plunge into it, and the lack of a clear conception and a thorough comprehension of its nature from the beginning is frequently the first cause. How this want can best be supplied, as a fitting preparation for life's arduous and responsible duties, is a matter worthy the consideration of every well-wisher of the rising generation. Hitherto it has been strangely neglected; but, if the conviction of its great importance be once firmly implanted in our hearts, suitable methods to promote it will not be long in following. No one, whether in the home, the school, or elsewhere, who has the care of the young can avoid a share of obligation in this matter.

MORAL TRUTH AND SCIENCE.—Moral truth, distinguished from scientific truth—as physical truth has been called—is that truth which concerns the right dispositions and the right conduct of men. Self-culture and self-control are the results of moral truth. The function of moral truth is to make a man larger and richer and better managed. And the value of all moral truth consists in its power to develop, to enlarge, to strengthen, to regulate, to discipline, and to control. It is more important than any other truth. The value of science is in the power which it exerts upon the individual. The value of moral truth, which is rapidly becoming scientific, also consists in the power which it exerts upon the individual, and upon life in general. In the long run all science must be valued by what it does in making men; and all moral truth must be valued by what it does upon men immediately and directly.

Jesus and the Woman of Samaria.

SAMARIA was situated between Judea and Galilee, and pilgrims to and from Jerusalem would naturally pass through it. The Samaritans hated the Jews, and had for long been in the habit of vexing and annoying them. It was not pleasant for a Jew to pass through the country of the Samaritans, for he was certain of insult or injury.

Jesus on his return from Judea to Galilee passed this way, notwithstanding the contempt with which he and his disciples might expect to be treated. Feeling weary, he sat down beside a well while his companions went into the city of Sychar to obtain provisions. This was the well which had been dug by Jacob centuries before, and is to this day known as Jacob's well. A Samaritan woman came to the well to draw water, and Jesus, being thirsty, asked her for a drink. The woman, seeing that he was a Jew, looked at him in amazement, and reminded him that the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans.

Jesus said unto her, "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink, thou wouldst have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water."

The woman saith unto him, "Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep; from whence then hast thou that living water?"

Then Jesus made his meaning more clear to her, and told her so many wonderful things that she was convinced he was a great prophet.

The woman said unto him, "When Messias cometh he will tell us all things."

Jesus saith unto her, "I that speak unto thee am He."

GOLDEN MOMENTS.—How sorry one would be for a man who, starting out upon a journey, had his pockets full of of golden coin which, one by one, had slipped through some unmended hole or rent, so that when he came to the end of his trip he had not one left, but lay down upon his bed a beggar! How strictly we would look to our own pockets after hearing the tale, and make very sure that what coin we had should be well spent, or hoarded carefully, and not scattered in the road-side dust! Yet we start upon our lives, each one of us, with a store of golden moments of which we keep little account. Rapidly they slip away through the rents of sloth or ignorance. Many a one, rich in all the golden moments of seventy years, lies down at last scarcely able to remember how he has fritted and scattered them, knowing only that he has no more—that all are gone, and that he cannot say that he has purchased anything of use to himself or another with what might have bought so much.

WE should keep our scorn for our own weaknesses, and our blame for our own sins, certain that we shall gain more instruction, though not amusement, by hunting out the good which is in anything than by hunting out the evil.

Playing with Kitty.

OH! not alone by cottage fire
Do rustics rude thy feats admire;
The learned sage, whose thoughts explore
The wildest range of human lore,
Pausing, smiles with altered air
To see thee climb his elbow-chair,
Or struggling on the mat below
Hold warfare with his slipper'd toe.
The widow'd dame, or lonely maid,
Who in the still but cheerless shade
Of home unsocial spends her age,
And rarely turns a letter'd page,
Upon her hearth for thee lets fall
The rounded cork, or paper-ball.
And youth, for thee, ever on the watch,
The ends of ravell'd skein to catch;
But lets thee have thy wayward will,
Perplexing oft his happy skill.

HOUSEHOLD DISCIPLINE.—The discipline of certain households consists for the most part in the enactment and enforcement of prohibitory laws. "Touch not, taste not, handle not," is inscribed upon almost everything which the child is likely to hanker after. All the trees in the garden are full of forbidden fruit. He is told that he must not take anything without asking, and he is aware that asking will be in vain. Now, if you want to bring up your children so that they may become something, you must leave some things to their own discretion. The moral judgment needs to be disciplined as well as the moral sense.

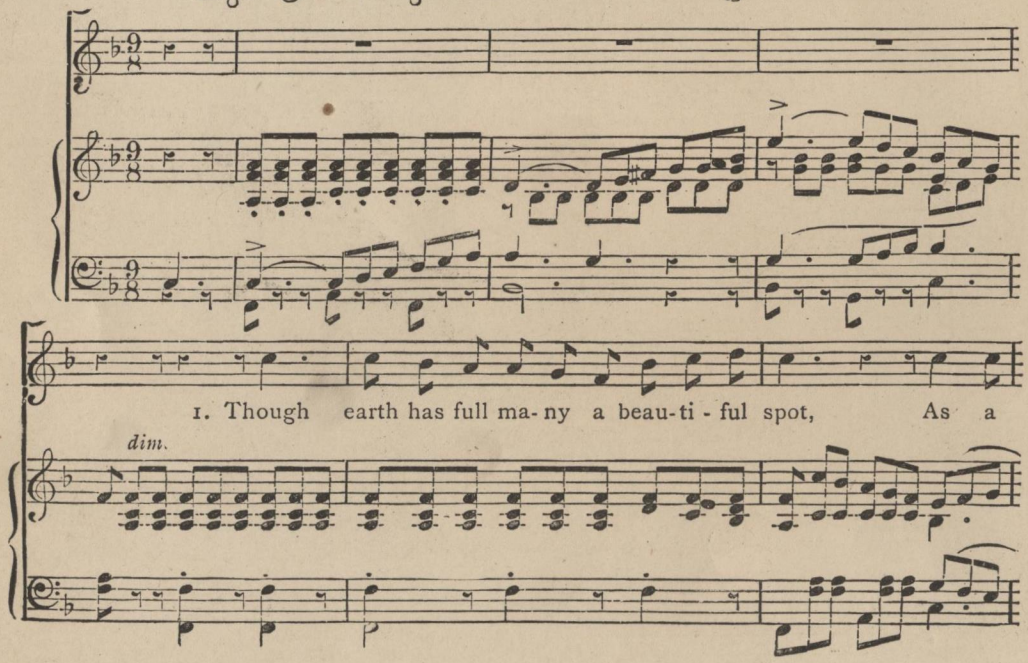
TACT is the great lubricator of life; it oils the machinery, smooths away trouble, looks far ahead perhaps to see it, and turns things into another channel. But, however tack avoids the necessity of falsehood, it does not suppress the truth; it simply prevents references to the facts. It has a sort of self-respect which does not blazon its affairs abroad; it does not consider itself as using deceit when merely keeping its own business in its own breast.

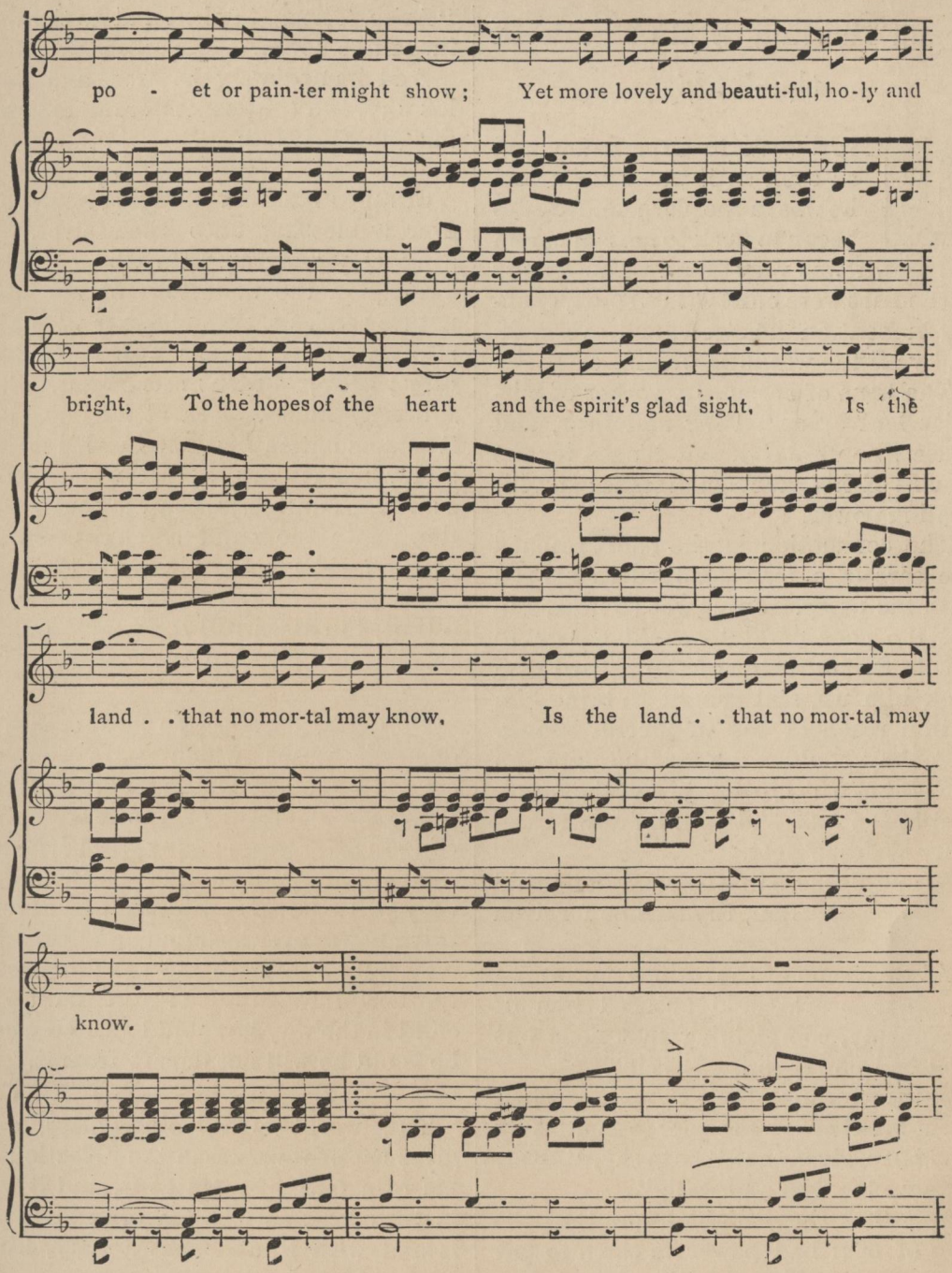
LIFE'S DICIPLINE.—It is not the best things—that is, the things that we call best—that make men. It is not pleasant things; it is not the calm experiences in life. It is life's rugged experiences, its tempests, its trials. The discipline of life is here good and there evil, here trouble and there joy, here roughness and there smoothness, one working with the other; and the alternations of the one and the other which necessitate adaptions, constitute a part of that which makes a man a man, in distinction from an animal which has no education.

KNOWLEDGE does not comprise all that is contained in the large term of education. The feelings are to be disciplined; the passions are to be restrained; true and worthy motives are to be inspired; a profound religious feeling is to be installed, and pure morality inculcated under all circumstances. All this is comprised in education.

STRONG minds, like hardy evergreens, are most verdant in winter; when feeble ones, like tender summer plants, are leafless.

The Land that no mortal may know.




po - et or pain-ter might show; Yet more lovely and beauti-ful, ho-ly and
bright, To the hopes of the heart and the spirit's glad sight, Is the
land . . that no mor-tal may know, Is the land . . that no mor-tal may
know.

Jesus Healing a Man Sick of the Palsy.

JESUS went to Capernaum, and as soon as it was known that he was in the place, multitudes began to flock to hear him, and the crowd was very great. The houses in the East were built with a court, opening in front on the street, and overlooked by all the windows within.

The fame of Jesus as a worker of miracles had extended far and near, and those who were sick had longed for the benefit of his gracious presence and his healing power.

The commotion in the court reached the ears of a man confined to his bed with the palsy. Jesus was so near, and yet the poor paralytic could not get to him! Some friends of the palsied man took him up, and sought to bring him within reach of the wonderful healer. But they could not pass the door, on account of the crowd. Then they took him to the roof and let him down carefully at Jesus' feet.

When Jesus saw their faith he said to the man, "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee."

At this some of the scribes murmured in their hearts, and accused him of blasphemy, complaining that none but God had power to forgive sins.

Jesus, knowing their thoughts, asked them whether it was easier to say, "Thy sins be forgiven thee," or to say, "Arise, take up thy bed and walk."

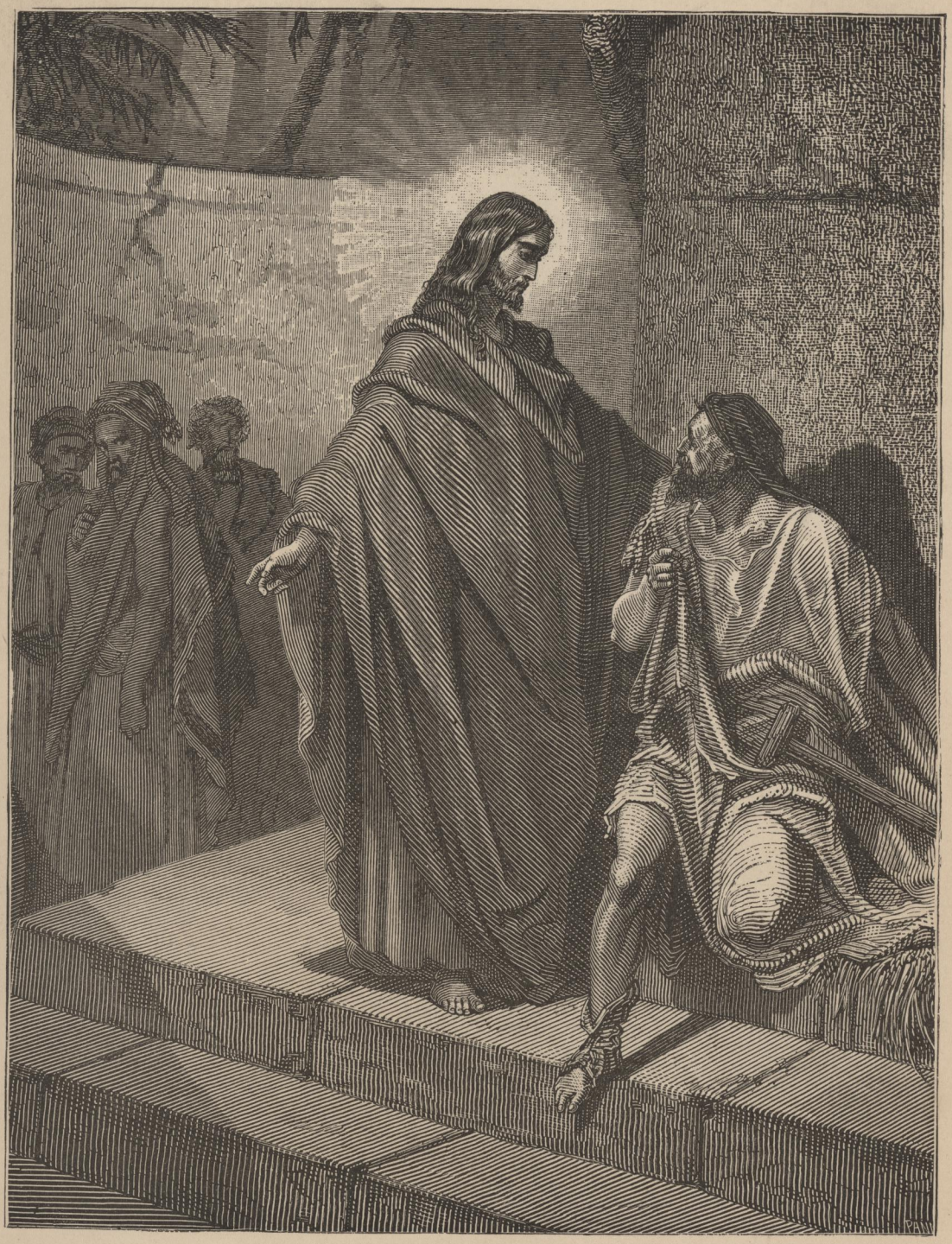
But that they might know that the Son of man had power on earth to forgive sins, he said to the sick of the palsy, "Arise, take up thy bed and go thy way into thine house."

And immediately he arose and went his way, and the people were all amazed, and glorified God.

SINGING HEARTS.—Singing hearts are ever a blessing unto themselves. A song is joy-giving. He who can sing sweetly in the undertone of his inner nature carries a rare pleasure with him always. Hard things appear to him easy; heavy burdens seem light. Sorrow may knock often at his door, but it seldom enters his home or his heart; and when it does, and the clouds obscure the sunlight, when the soul walks down into the night and sees never a star, ah, then trebly blessed is the singing heart! If it can sing psalms at such a time, the dawn will come more quickly, the sunlight reappear sooner.

DOMESTIC PEACE.—To those scenes of domestic peace which pure religion created and adorned, the thoughts of the youngest members of the family will cling in after years; they will become a kind of hallowed ground in his memory; they will exert a restraining and sanctifying power over his mind; and thus we may fully expect to see the promise of the Scripture fulfilled:—"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

THE world is a looking-glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it will in turn look surly upon you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a jolly, kind companion.



Gentle Jesus.

S. Wesley.

Andante.

1. Gen- tle Je - sus, meek and mild, Look up - on a lit - tle child, Gen-tle Je - sus, meek and mild, Look up- on a lit- tle
2. Fain I would to Thee be brought, Dear- est Lord, for - bid it not, Fain I would to Thee be brought, Dear-est Lord, for- bid it

child; Pi - ty my sim - pli - ci - ty, Suf-fer me to
not; In the kingdom of Thy grace, Grant a lit - tle

come to Thee. Gen - tle . . Je - sus, meek and mild, Look,
child a place. Fain . . I . . would to Thee be brought, Ah,

look up - on a lit - tle child, Pi - ty, pi - ty my sim - pli - ci- ty,
dear-est Lord, for-bid it not, Fain I would, I would to Thee be brought,

Suf - fer me, suf - fer me to come . . to Thee.
Dear - est Lord, dear - est Lord, for - bid . . it not.

Happy Christmas!

LITTLE children, wake and listen,
Songs are breaking o'er the earth,
While the stars in heaven glisten,
Hear the news of your Saviour's birth.

Long ago, to lonely meadows,
Angels brought the message down;
Still each year through midnight shadows
It is heard in every town.

What is this that they are telling,
Singing in the quiet street,
While their voices high are swelling?
What sweet words do they repeat.

Words to bring us greater gladness,
Though our hearts from care are free;
Words to chase away our sadness,
However sad our lot may be.

Christ has left His throne of glory,
And a lowly cradle found;
Well might angels tell the story,—
Well may we their words resound.

Little children, wake and listen,
Songs are ringing through the earth;
While the stars in heaven glisten,
Hail with joy your Saviour's birth!

PONDER THIS.—He who finds pleasure in vice and pain in virtue is a novice both in the one and the other. The wish truths that we at least to hear are those which it is most to our advantage to know. The wise man does not speak of all he does, but he does nothing that cannot be spoken of. We must do quickly what there is no hurry for, to be able to do slowly what demands haste. What a pleasure it is to give! There would be no rich people if they were capable of feeling this. Virtue does not give talents, but it supplies their place. Talents neither give virtue nor supply the place of it. Whoever makes a great fuss about doing good does very little; he who wishes to be seen and noticed when he is doing good will not do it long; he who thinks only of avoiding faults and reproaches will never acquire virtues.

A POOR excuse is worse than none. A lady once said to Sheridan, "The weather has cleared up now and I will go out and walk with you." He was a bit puzzled, but soon replied, "Madam, the weather has cleared up enough for one, but not enough for two," and went out for a stroll by himself. It is always better weather for ourselves when we want to do anything than it is for another when we do not want him to do it. It rains very hard if we want to stay at home, but it is nothing but a light shower if we want to go out.

THE ill-effects of "slang" and other forms of offensive speech are too little understood. They lower the tone of the mind from which they emanate, and the tone of the minds that receive them. A man may live on plain fare and be a true gentleman. A man may fare sumptuously every day and yet be foul, unwholesome, and vulgar. Not what enters but what leaves the mouth lowers the man.

Jesus and his Disciples in the Corn-field.

AS Jesus and his disciples were on a Sabbath-bay passing through the corn-fields, the disciples, who were hungry, plucked and ate some of the ripe corn. The Pharisees who were in the company were severe in their reproaches against the disciples for breaking the law, and against Jesus for permitting them to do so.

The Jews were so very strict in their observance of the Sabbath, that they regarded this act of the disciples as a violation of the Fourth Commandment. On any other day of the week they could have taken the grain and eaten freely of it, without being called to account by any one. All work on the Sabbath-day was forbidden.

Jesus reminded the Pharisees of the time when David fled from Saul, and went to the high-priest for bread to satisfy his hunger. The high-priest had no bread to give him but the show-bread, which was consecrated to holy use. None but the priests were allowed to eat this bread, but the necessity of the case overruled the ceremonial command.

It was considered no profanation for the priests to labor in the temple on the Sabbath. Jesus had asserted his right to heal the sick on the sacred day, and to perform any works of mercy. He rebuked the Pharisees for the bigotry with which they observed the law, keeping it only as to its letter, and disregarding its spirit. "I say unto you that in this place is one greater than the temple. For the Son of man is Lord of the Sabbath-day."

INFLUENCE OF PICTURES.—A room with pictures in it and a room without pictures differ by nearly as much as a room with windows and a room without windows; for pictures are loopholes of escape to the soul, leading it to other scenes and spheres, where the fancy for a moment may revel, refreshed and delighted. Pictures are consolers of loneliness; they are a sweet flattery to the soul; they are a relief to the jaded mind; they are windows to the imprisoned thought; they are books; they are histories and sermons, which we can read without the trouble of turning over the leaves. They are, as Ugo Foscolo has well said, the chickweed to the gilded cage, and make up for the want of many other enjoyments to those whose life is mostly passed amidst the smoke and din, the bustle and noise, of an overcrowded city.

A LAZY girl who liked to live in comfort and do nothing asked her fairy godmother to give her a good genius to do everything for her. On the instant the fairy called ten dwarfs, who washed and dressed the little girl, and combed her hair and fed her, and so on. All was done so nicely that she was happy, except for the thought that they would go away. "To prevent that," said the godmother, "I will place them permanently in your ten pretty little fingers." And they are there yet.

Angry Words.

WALTER MACFARREN.

Andante espressivo.

p

p

An - gry words are light - ly spo - ken In a rash and thoughtless
Love is much too pure and ho - ly, Friendship is too sa - cred

hour, Brightest links of life are brok - en By their deep in - si - dious
far, For a mo-ment's reckless fol - ly Thus to de - so - late and

cres.

power. Hearts in - spired by warm - est feel - ing Ne'er be - fore by an - ger
mar. Ang - ry words are light - ly spok - en, Bitt'rest thoughts are rashly

cres.

f

stirr'd, Oft are rent past hu - man heal - ing By a sin - gle an - gry
stirr'd; Bright-est links of life are bro - ken By a sin - gle an - gry

f

word.
word.

p

Youth and Age.

WHEN hearts are young and light-
some,
The road is straight and
clear;
And round about on every side
How bright all things appear!

The dullest music charms us then,
We laugh, and know not why;
The very flowers upon our path,
They look too bright to die.

When hearts are old and weary,
The road is twisted sore;
And there is little to be seen
Beyond our cottage door:

The flowers we thought would never
fade,
Lie dead upon the sod;
And then we sigh for peace and rest
Within the arms of God.

TRUE ECONOMY OF LIFE.—The true economy of human life looks at ends rather than incidents, and adjusts expenditures to a moral scale of values. De Quincey pictures a woman sailing over the water, and presently awakening out of sleep to find her necklace untied and one end hanging over the stream, while pearl after pearl drops from the string beyond her reach; while she clutches at one just falling, another drops beyond recovery. Like pearls from a string, our days drop one after another by our carelessness as we sail the sea of life. Prudence requires a wise husbanding of time to see that none of these golden coins are spent for nothing. The waste of time is a more serious loss than the extravagances against which there is such loud acclaim.

WHERE TO FIND HAPPINESS.—We spend a large part of our lives in an idle chase after happiness. We think that it lies in the future—that it consists in the possession of something which we have not, and which we long for and strive after. Yet truly it often lies at our feet, and is to be had for the mere picking up. To drop metaphor, we must find happiness in our every-day life, and in the performances of our ordinary duties, or we shall miss it.

MIND.—Women should understand that no beauty has any charms but the inward one of the mind, and that a gracefulness in the manners is much more engaging than that of their persons; that meekness and modesty are the true and lasting ornaments. These only are the charms that render wives amiable, and give them the best title to our respect.

WISDOM.—The character of a wise man consists in three things—to do himself what he tells others to do, to act on no occasion contrary to justice, and to bear with the weaknesses of those about him. The wise man makes equity and justice the basis of all his conduct, the right forms the rule of his behavior, deference and modesty mark his exterior, sincerity and fidelity serve him for accomplishments.

HICAMMEYER CON

The Sermon on the Mount.

ALTHOUGH Jesus had gathered together many followers, he had not appointed any ministers to aid him in his spiritual work.

On his return to Galilee he selected twelve men, whom he called apostles, and to whom he imparted a portion of his own miraculous power. That they might be better informed as to the spiritual nature of his kingdom, and the life and character necessary to those who became his disciples, he withdrew himself and the twelve to a hill. But a great multitude followed him, and he addressed them in those memorable words known as "The Sermon on the Mount."

He began with the beatitudes, the beautiful jewels with which we are to adorn ourselves before we can even hope to enter the kingdom of heaven. He was familiar with all their habits, their Pharisaical observance of forms and ceremonies, and their desire to win the applause of men, and rebuked them for their manner of living, and their misreading of the holy law.

He made use of illustrations which were very plain to his audience, while the spiritual significance of his words might be applied to every human heart centuries after his death and resurrection.

He not only told the people when and where to pray, but gave them a form of prayer, which has been handed down to us as the simplest and most comprehensive address to the Almighty.

And when Jesus had ended these sayings, the people were astonished at his doctrine, for he taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes.

SWEET TEMPER.—All cannot be beautiful, but they can be sweet-tempered, and a sweet temper gives a loveliness to the face more attractive in the long run than even beauty. Have a smile and a kind word for all, and you will soon be more admired, nay, loved, than any mere beauty. A sweet temper is to the household what sunshine is to the trees and flowers.

LAUGHTER very often shows the bright side of man. It brings out his happier nature, and shows of what sort of stuff he is really made. Somehow we feel as if we never thoroughly knew a man until we heard him laugh. We do not mean a mere snigger, but a good, hearty, round laugh. The solemn, sober visage, like a Sunday dress, tells nothing of the real man.

PRAISE in the right place, at the right time, is a wonderful helper. It brightens the daily life and sweetens the daily task. It implies such a pleasant sense of appreciation and recognition that it enlivens the dullest routine. For we are none of us too old to like being praised, or to be helped thereby to fresh endeavors.

A GOOD word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.

The Woodland Dell.

OH come with me to the woodland dell,
I know the spot and love it well.
The flowers are now in richest bloom,
The wild thyme sheds its faint perfume,
And cowslips sweet are growing nigh,
Meek daisies with deep golden eye.
Tall daffodils of brilliant hue,
Pale harebells robed in heaven's blue,
Primroses with each face so fair,
And white anemones are there.
The hyacinth bows its stately head,
The violet peeps from its mossy bed;
Under the boughs of the hawthorn old,
Lilies their pearly leaves unfold.
On tapering leaf and graceful stem
Bright dew-drops gleam like a sparkling gem,
While the drowsy hum of the wood-bee tells
Of fragrant haunts in the foxglove's bells;
And the feathery fern and the waving grass
Will tremble and nod as our footsteps pass.

NONE ALIKE.—Is it not wonderful that no two things in all this world are alike? Not even two blades of grass or two leaves of a tree? Twin children often look much alike, and even the parents are sometimes puzzled to tell which is which, but each will have some mark to show that he is himself and nobody else.

A BAD TEMPER.—There are few things more productive of evil in domestic life than a thoroughly bad temper. It does not matter what form that temper may assume, whether it is of the sulky kind that maintains perfect silence for many days, or the madly passionate, which vents itself in absolute violence.

LITTLE THINGS.—Springs are little things, but they are sources of large streams; a helm is a little thing, but it governs the course of a ship; a bridle-bit is a little thing, but we know its use and power; nails and pegs are little things, but they hold the parts of a large building together; a word, a look, a smile, a frown, are all little things, but powerful for good or evil. Think of this, and mind the little things.

THE DISCIPLINE OF LIFE.—Let man regard this world merely as a preparatory stage to a future and eternal state of existence. Let him consider his misfortunes, sufferings, and miseries as intended to prepare him for a better world of undying glory and happiness; and let him persevere in a course of virtue and usefulness as a stepping-stone to future happiness.

PAINSTAKING.—Too much painstaking speaks disease in one's mind as well as too little. The adroit, sound-minded man will endeavor to spend on each business approximately what of pains it deserves, and with a conscience void of remorse will dismiss it then.

THE spirit of self-sacrifice is one of the great beauties of holiness.

Good Night!

THE sun is sinking,
One star is blinking
All white and pale;
Nature is sleeping,
Soft mists are creeping
O'er hill and dale—
Good night!

Though mute, the flowers
From dewy bowers
Their heads upraise;
Sweet blue-bells ringing,
Sweet incense swinging
To their God's praise—
Good night!

Thus seeing, hearing,
No danger fearing,
Sleep well to-night;
Your eyelids closing,
Calmly reposing
Till morning's light—
Good night!

PURE religion and undefiled is "ministering"—not the other thing, "being ministered unto." It is handing over the morning paper to another for first perusal. It is vacating a pleasant seat by the fire for one who comes in chilled. It is giving up the most restful arm-chair for one who is weary. It is giving up your own comfort and convenience for the comfort and convenience of another. This is at once true courtesy and real Christianity.

EDUCATION OF THE HEART.—One of the prettiest legends of the Arabic literature attributes to Mohammed a saying that, if a man finds himself with bread in both hands, he should exchange one loaf for some flowers of the narcissus, since that feeds the body, indeed, but these the soul. Nothing could be more subtle than this ancient confession of the part that color, and perfume, and the eternal freshness of flowers, take in the education of the heart.

MODESTY AND BASHFULNESS.—There is a great deal of difference between modesty and bashfulness. The latter is a terror of being approached by strangers, or confronted with an unaccustomed fact or position, and proceeds from egotism. Modesty is never self-assertive. It doubts itself, but is never afraid to express its willingness to attempt what is asked, and when we are successful, modesty prevents us from boasting or supercilious assertions.

COURTESY which is not home-bred may seem, like a hot-house plant from the tropics, to be very fully developed, very luxuriant, and almost overpoweringly pungent; but take away its artificial adjuncts, expose it to the rough weather of every-day life, and it withers away, just as a gorgeous and expensive stove plant, when banished from the conservatory and exposed to the frosty air, becomes ugly and repulsive in comparison with the commonest field-flower.

ENVY.—He whose emotion, on the view of an excellent production, is to undervalue it, will never have one of his own to show.

A. LUENGLING

Christ Speaking from a Ship.

WHILE making his home at Capernaum, the Great Teacher took frequent journeys, and engaged in his labors of love and mercy among the people of Galilee. Multitudes thronged around him, and he oftener addressed them in the open air than in any house or synagogue.

The Lake Galilee is beautiful, even in its present desolation, but in the days of our Saviour it was much more so. Cities and villages studded its shores, and a busy population engaged in traffic in its vicinity. Those of his followers who were fishermen had made their living on its waters. With them he was often on its waves, crossing from shore to shore, or leisurely sailing in their boat, and telling them the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven.

The people press around Jesus, and follow him to the water's edge. He graciously accepts their salutations, and regards with kindness their curiosity to hear his teachings. He has been among them, and healed their sick. He has spoken to them such words as they never heard from other lips. He might address them from the hill-side, but at this time he takes a fishing-boat for his pulpit. Drawing a little way out from the shore, he begins to speak in parables. He tells of the seed and the sower, of the tares and the wheat, of the growth of the full harvest of corn, of the mustard-tree, and of the woman leavening her bread. In all these he points his hearers to the spiritual vitality of the germs of truth he had planted in their hearts, and shows them the progress and increase of religious life. Admiring and astonished, they listen with eager attention, then depart to their homes to meditate on the wonderful things they have heard.

MAXIMS.—Persevere against discouragement. Keep your temper. Employ leisure in study, and always have some work on hand. Be punctual and methodical in business, and never procrastinate. Never be in a hurry. Preserve self-possession, and do not be talked out of conviction.

GATHER up the fragments. In every human life there are sure to be some. Everyone of us has a secret chamber somewhere, filled with inhabitants whom none but himself can see; it rests with himself alone whether they shall be decaying corpses, or only beautiful ghosts.

NEVER DESPAIR.—People are apt to think that the hard times which they experience are the hardest times that have ever been; and so they are for them. But one needs only to read the history of the world to learn that hard times have been perpetually coming to all nations in all periods of their existence.

WORTH REMEMBERING.—It is not what we earn, but what we can save, that makes us rich. It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that makes us fat. It is not what we read, but what we remember, that makes us learned. All this is very simple, but it is worth remembering.

The Lesson of Love.

Andante sostenuto. ♩ = 80. J. Barnby.

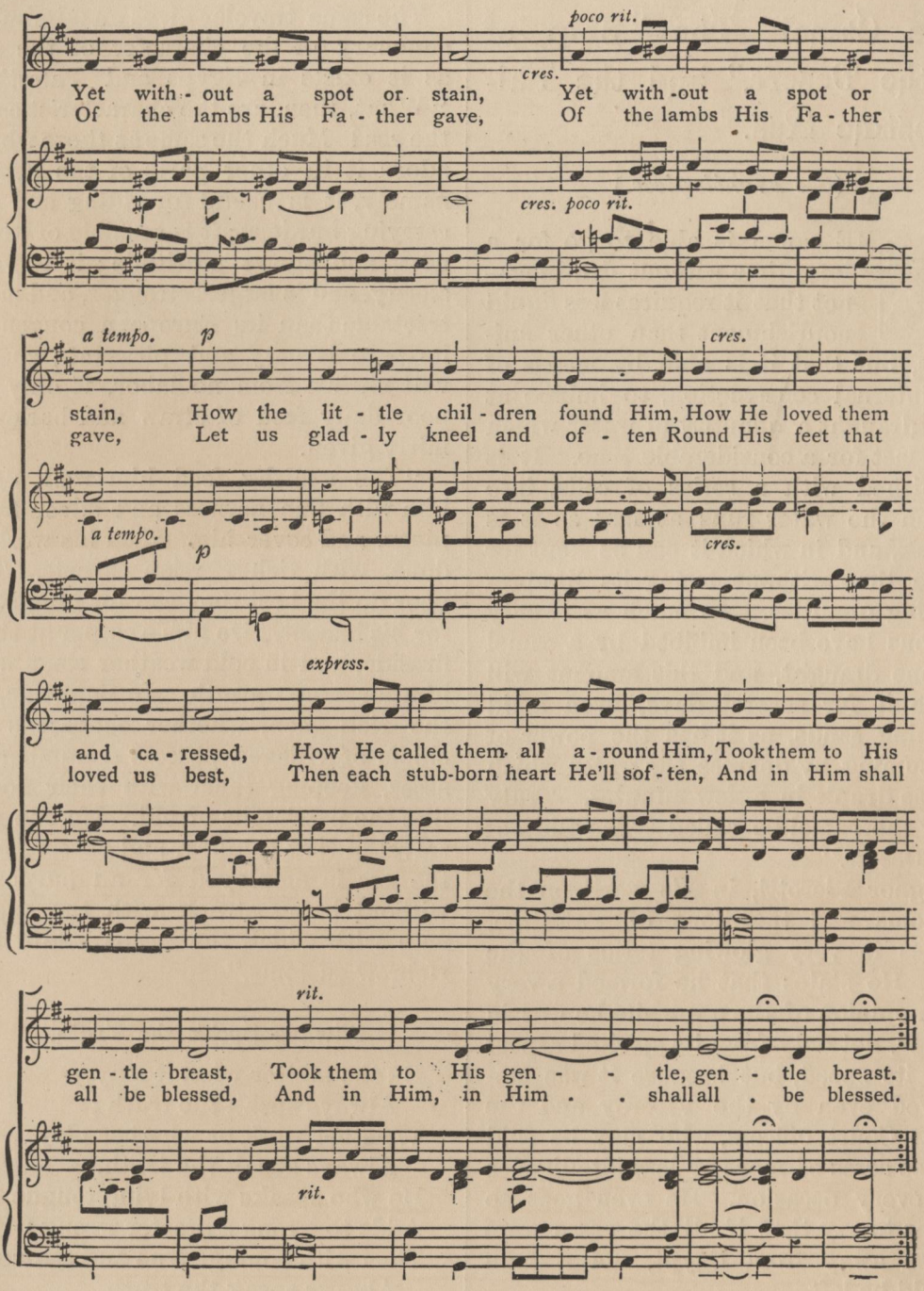
p

1. In that book so old and ho - ly I would
2. How, good Shep-herd, He did che - rish All the

smoothly.

mf *p*

read and read a - gain, How our Lord was once so low - ly,
flock He came to save, Watch - ing that not one might per - ish


poco rit.
cres.
Yet with - out a spot or stain, Yet with - out a spot or
Of the lambs His Fa - ther gave, Of the lambs His Fa - ther
cres. poco rit.
a tempo.
p
cres.
stain, How the lit - tle chil - dren found Him, How He loved them
gave, Let us glad - ly kneel and of - ten Round His feet that
a tempo.
p
cres.
express.
and ca - ressed, How He called them all a - round Him, Took them to His
loved us best, Then each stub-born heart He'll sof - ten, And in Him shall
rit.
gen - tle breast, Took them to His gen - - tle, gen - tle breast.
all be blessed, And in Him, in Him . . shall all . be blessed.
rit.

The Camel—The "Ship of the Desert," and the Palestine Ass.

(*See Frontispiece.*)

THE camel is able to go for a long time without drinking—not that it requires less liquid nourishment than other animals, but that it is able, by means of its internal construction, to imbibe at one draught a quantity of water which will last for a considerable time. It is furnished with a series of cells, into which the water runs as fast as it is drunk, and in which it can be kept for some time without losing its life-preserving qualities. As much as twenty gallons have been imbibed by a camel at one draught, and this amount will serve it for several days, even amid burning sands, as it has the power of consuming by degrees the water which it has drunk in a few minutes. Truly may the camel be called "The Ship of the Desert."

Signor Pierotti, in his work on the customs and traditions of Palestine, writes in very glowing terms of the ass. He states that he formed a very high opinion of the ass while he was in Egypt, not only from its spirited aspect and its speed, but because it was employed even by the Viceroy and the great Court officers, who may be said to use asses of more or less intelligence for every occasion. He even goes so far as to say that if all the asses were taken away from Egypt, not a man would be left.

The same traveler gives an admirable summary of the character of the ass as it exists in Egypt and Palestine. "What, then, are the characteristics of the ass? Much the same as those which adorn it in other parts of the East—namely, it is useful for riding and for carrying burdens; it is sensible of kindness, and shows gratitude; it is very steady, and is larger, stronger, and more tractable than its European congener; its pace is easy and pleasant; and it will shrink from no labor, if only its poor daily feed of straw and barley is fairly given.

"The wealthy feed him well, deck him with fine harness and silver trappings, and cover him, when his work is done, with rich Persian carpets. The poor do the best they can for him, steal for his benefit, give him a corner at their fireside, and in cold weather sleep with him for more warmth. In Palestine, all the rich men, whether monarchs or chiefs of villages, possess a number of asses, keeping them with their flocks like the patriarchs of old. No one can travel in that country, and observe how the ass is employed for all purposes, without being struck with the exactness with which the Arabs retain the Hebrew customs."

Always Speak the Truth.

BE the matter what it may,
  Always speak the truth;
Whether work or whether play,
  Always speak the truth.
He who speaks with lying tongue
Adds to wrong a greater wrong;
Then with courage true and strong
  Always speak the truth.

The Return of the Prodigal Son.

JESUS wishing to illustrate the joy there would be in heaven over the repenting sinner, made use of the following parable:

"A certain man had two sons: and the younger of them said to his father, 'Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me,' and he divided unto them his living.

"And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in the land; and he began to be in want.

"And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country, and he sent him into the fields to feed swine.

"And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him.

"And when he came to himself, he said, 'How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough, and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise, and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.'

"And he arose and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.

"And the son said unto him, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.'

"But the father said to his servants, 'Bring forth the best robe and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet; and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat and be merry. For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.'"

CHOOSE THE RIGHT.—The greatest man is he who chooses right with the most invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptation from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is calmest in storms, and most fearless under menaces and frowns; whose reliance on truth, on virtue, and on heaven, is most unfaltering.

THE best thing that has been given to man in this world is wisdom; the most goodly gift that can be given him in the next is pardon. The best disposition for him is that he should have a lively appreciation of the high and godlike character of his own nature, so that the thought may keep him from evil, or cause him to repent if he have done wrong.

LET your thoughts be fit and suitable for the subject. Every day have higher thoughts of God, lower thoughts of self, kinder thoughts of your brethren, and more hopeful thoughts of all around you.

The Brooklet.

FAR away in a hidden dell,
Where the gorse and the violets know me well,
Under the grasses long and green,
A tremulous thing I first am seen.
Then through the meadows and through the wood,
And over the bowlders, big and brown;
Away, away on my mission of good,
I speed to the heart of the weary town.

Then under the stones of the busy street,
Under the tread of a million feet,
Onward in darkness I take my way,
Till I leap again to the light of day.
And lo! and lo! like a message from Him,
A blessing I come to the sons of men—
A joy in the shadows of houses grim,
As I was afar in my native glen.

PLUCK.—Whatever your sex or position, life is a battle in which you are to show your pluck, and woe be to the coward. Whether passed on a bed of sickness or in the tented field, it is ever the same fair flag, and admits of no distinction. Despair and postponement are cowardice and defeat. Men were born to succeed, not to fail.

BLESSED be the hand that, while it is soft enough to furnish us with blissful caresses, is firm enough to straighten our deformities. It is a true hand that will never deceive us; it is a safe hand that will never betray us; it is a powerful hand that can at last lift us out of all turmoil and all trial, and lift us high as heaven.

HE is good that does good to others. If he suffers for the good he does, he is better still; and, if he suffers from them to whom he did good, he is arrived to that height of goodness that nothing but an increase of his sufferings can add to it. If it proves his death, his virtue is at its summit; it is heroism complete.

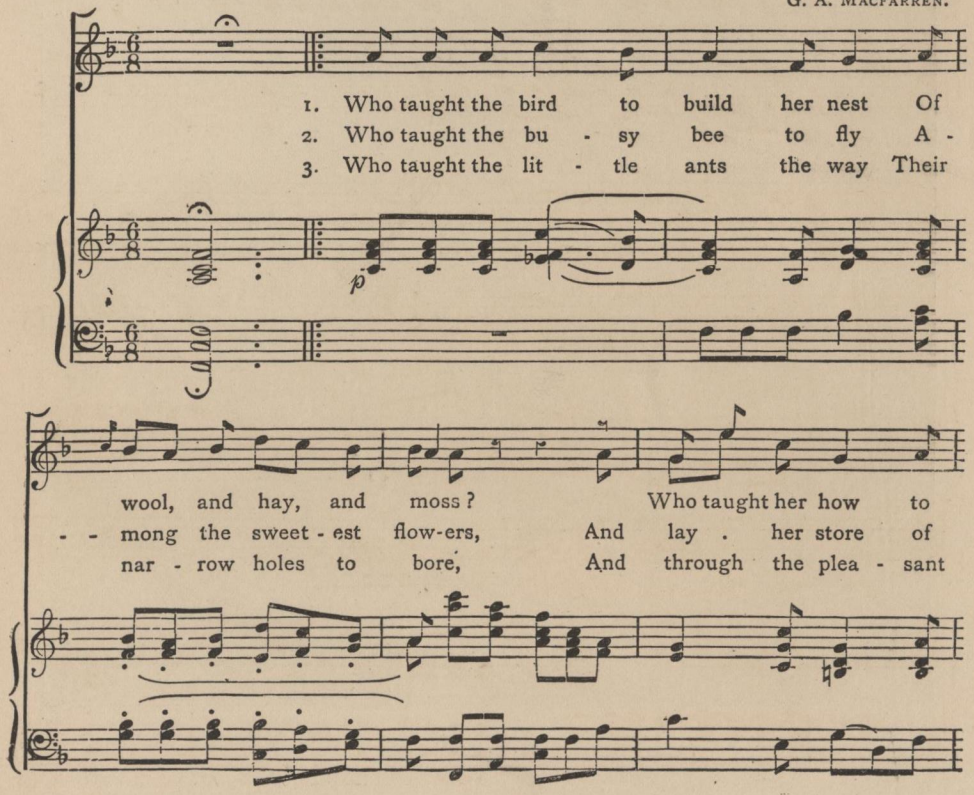
MEN are not made to hang down their heads or lips, and those who do, only show that they are departing from the true paths of common sense and right. There is more virtue in one sunbeam than in a whole hemisphere of clouds and gloom. Therefore cultivate all that is warm and genial.

"I PITY those," said Goethe, "who bewail the mutability of things, and who lose themselves in speculations concerning the nothingness of the world. What are we here for if not to make the transitory lasting? And this is only possible if we can estimate both at their true value."

DEEP in every soul there dwells for ever a witness to the truth whose clear eye and steady voice will see and respond to it wherever it is known. We do not need to implore men to believe the truth; we require only that they shall apprehend it, and then we may defy them to deny it.

Who taught the bird to build her nest.

G. A. MACFARREN.



weave it best, And lay . . the twigs a - cross?
ho - ney by, To eat . . in win - ter hours?
sum - mer's day To ga - - ther up their stores?

1st 3 times. 4th time.

'Twas God who taught them

1st 3 times.

f

all the way, And gave their lit- tle skill, . . And teach - es chil-dren.

ff *p*

when they pray, . . To do His ho - - ly will.

Jesus Blessing Little Children.

THE crowds that followed Jesus were composed of men, women, and children, all eager to get as near him as possible. Among them were many mothers, who, having listened to his words of solemn import, were anxious that their little ones should receive a special blessing from him.

He had taught them that the kingdom of heaven was not to be won by ceremony and fasting, and by simple parables that even a child could understand, had shown them the efficacy of good deeds.

Jesus had said much in reference to their home life, of the duty of parents to children, and of children to parents, and many of these mothers had pondered over his sayings, and desired that some of the wonderful grace of which he spoke might be imparted to them and their offspring.

Anxious also to dedicate their children to the service of so kind a master, they brought to Jesus their little ones that he might bless them.

The disciples rebuked their familiarity; but Jesus, pleased at this proof that their hearts had been touched, received them graciously. He was not a king to be admired and worshiped at a distance, but one who sought to establish a throne in the hearts of the people.

Jesus said unto his disciples, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

And he took the little ones in his arms, and blessed them.

THE FIRST STEP.—There is no step so long as the first step in any direction, especially a wrong one. Having once taken it, you are very likely to go farther. One who steals a penny will remember it when he thinks of stealing a sovereign. If he steals the sovereign first, when he is tempted by thousands he will remember he is already a thief. A perfectly innocent person dreads the soil of any sin upon his soul, but after the slightest smirch he cannot say, "I am clean." The vulgar proverb, "One might as well be hung for a sheep as for a lamb," means a great deal. Often the lamb was stolen years before, and now why not take the sheep? An idle word, half-oath, half-exclamation, leads the boy to swearing. Once having sworn, he will swear again. The first step may not be much in itself, but in its relation to our lives it is a giant's stride. It is well to remember it.

WOMEN'S INFLUENCE.—The more one has to do with women, the more one learns to love them; and the more one loves them, the more one is loved again—for every true love finds its response, and the highest love is the highest wisdom.

A GOOD name is best won by good deeds. There is no surer way of being well thought of as by deserving well. "You have a little world around you," wrote Daniel Webster to an early friend; "fill it with good deeds, and you will fill it with your own glory."

The Meadows.

WE'LL go to the meadows, where primroses grow,
And buttercups, looking as yellow as gold;
And daisies and cowslips, beginning to blow;
For it is a most beautiful sight to behold.

The little bee humming about them is seen,
The butterfly merrily dances along;
The grasshopper chirps in the hedges so green,
And the linnet is singing his liveliest song.

The birds and the insects are happy and gay,
The beasts of the field they are glad and rejoice,
And we will be thankful to God every day,
And praise his great name in a loftier voice.

He made the green meadows, He planted the flowers,
He sent his bright sun in the heavens to blaze;
He created these wonderful bodies of ours,
And as long as we live we will sing of his praise.

THE sternest hearts are melted by the gentleness of woman; and in no capacity can she more effectually develop this delightful power than in that of a wife. By her persuasive manners she solicits and commands obedience; and it should be her highest aim not to impair this power. To enable her to do this, it is necessary that she should know how to govern her temper; and this she must mainly effect by striving early to adapt herself to the exigencies incidental to her altered position.

FRIENDSHIP is a vase which, when flawed by heat, violence, or accident, may as well be broken at once; it can never be trusted after. The more graceful and ornamental it was, the more clearly do we discern the hopelessness of restoring it to its former state. Coarse stones, if they are fractured, may be cemented again; precious ones, never.

YOUNG men are as apt to think themselves wise enough as drunken men are to think themselves sober enough. They look upon spirit to be a much better thing than experience, which they call coldness. They are but half mistaken; for, though spirit without experience is dangerous, experience without spirit is languid and ineffective.

A BIRD upon the wing may carry a seed that shall add a new species to the vegetable family of a continent; and just so a word, a thought from a living soul, may have results immeasurable, eternal.

A CHINESE maxim says that the pleasure of doing good is the only one that never wears out.

The Last Supper.

ON the first day of the feast of unleavened bread, the disciples came to Jesus, who was at Bethany, and asked him where they should prepare a place for him to eat the passover.

He said unto two of his disciples, "Go ye into the city, and there shall meet you a man bearing a pitcher of water: follow him. And wheresoever he shall go in, say ye to the good-man of the house, 'Thy Master saith, Where is the guest-chamber, where I shall eat the passover with my disciples?' And he will show you a large upper room furnished and prepared: that make ready for us."

The disciples went into the city of Jerusalem, and found everything as Jesus had told them, and in the evening he sat down to supper with the twelve.

While they were seated, and before the commencement of the repast, Jesus perceived that the apostles were discussing among themselves which of them should be greatest in his approaching kingdom.

Upon this he arose, and laying aside his outer garment, as servants did when rendering the same service, he took water and a towel, and proceeded to wash the disciples' feet. By this act he hoped to impress on their minds, in a manner not to be forgotten, a lesson and example of that lowliness of mind which had distinguished his own career, and should characterize theirs.

Jesus then instituted the new festival, to be held in remembrance of him, in which the broken bread was to represent his body, given to death and the grave for them; and the wine, his blood, "shed for many, for the remission of sins."

THE BETTER EDUCATION.—You can train the eye to see all the bright places of your life, and so slip over the hard ones with surprising ease. You can also train the eye to rest on the gloomy spots, in utter forgetfulness of all that is bright and beautiful. The former is the better education.

THE BEST WISDOM.—To act with common sense, according to the moment, is the best wisdom I know; and the best philosophy, to do one's duties, take the world as it comes, submit respectfully to one's lot, bless the goodness that has given us so much happiness with it, whatever it is, and despise affectation.

LOOK AT THE SUNNY SIDE.—We do not please God more by eating bitter aloes than by eating honey. A cloudy, foggy, rainy day is not more heavenly than a day of sunshine. A funeral march is not so much like the music of angels as the song of birds on a May morning.

METHOD.—Observe a method in the distribution of your time. Every hour will then know its proper employment, and no time will be lost. Idleness will be shut out at every avenue, and with her that numerous body of vices that make up her train.

Flower Gatherers.

OUR artist has drawn a picture which makes us long to be out in the quiet country lanes gathering flowers, those beautiful messengers by which our Father in heaven tells us of his love. How thickly they are scattered everywhere! Would it matter very much, do you think, if here and there a few were imperfect? Perhaps you think it would not; but that would not be God's idea of creation. The tiniest petal or slenderest stamen of the buttercup is created as perfect, and finished off as exquisitely, as the strongest branch of the oak tree. Every page of nature's beautiful picture-book teaches more plainly than words, that "whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well."

Dear children, in God's written Book he asks us to be followers of him who thinks nothing too small to be done perfectly. Let us try to be so in the little things that make up our daily life.

THE tie that connects man with his Creator and holds him to His throne is religion. If that tie is sundered or broken, he floats away a worthless atom in the universe, its proper attractions all gone, its destiny thwarted, and its whole future nothing but darkness, desolation, and death.

GIRLS BEWARE.—Too great familiarity and too evident pleasure in the society of young men are errors into which no delicate and pure-minded girl should fall, if they desire to retain the respect of the opposite sex.

KIND words are the bright flowers of earthly existence; use them, and especially around the fireside circle. They are jewels beyond price, and powerful to heal the wounded heart and make the weighed down spirit glad.

BE consistent in the avowal of principles. Do not deny to-day that which you asserted yesterday; if you do, you will stultify yourself, and your opinions will soon be found to have no weight. You may fancy that you gain favor by subserviency; but, so far from gaining favor, you lose respect.

A HUMAN soul without education is like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties till the skill of the polisher fetches out the colors, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot and vein that runs through the body of it.

HOW TO TREAT ONE'S FRIENDS.—Don't flatter yourself that friendship authorizes you to say disagreeable things to your intimates. On the contrary, the nearer you come into relation with a person, the more necessary do tact and courtesy become.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.—All great things are done little by little. Atoms make worlds. The greatest fortunes consist of farthings. Life is made up of moments.

VIRTUE and happiness are near kin.

Flowers Teach Lessons.

COME, my love, and do not spurn
From a little flower to learn—
See the lily on the bed,
Hanging down its modest head,
While it scarcely can be seen,
Folded in its leaf of green.

Yet we love the lily well
For its sweet and pleasant smell,
And would rather call it ours
Than a many gayer flowers.
Pretty lilies seem to be
Emblems of humility.

Come, my love, and do not spurn
From a little flower to learn—
Let your temper be as sweet
As the lily at your feet:
Be as gentle, be as mild;
Be a modest, simple child.

No man can be a good man—that is, a Christian man—without a great deal of self-denial; not however because religion requires more self-denial than worldliness does, but because universal human life requires self-denial. Every step of education is a step of self-denial.

"THERE is nothing," says Plato, "so delightful as the hearing and speaking of truth." For this reason there is no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive.

IF you want to spoil all that God gives you, if you want to be miserable yourself and a maker of misery to others, the way is easy enough. Only be selfish, and it is done at once.

No language can express the power and beauty and heroism and majesty of a mother's love. It shrinks not where men cower, and grows stronger where men faint, and over the wastes of worldly fortune sends the radiance of its quenchless fidelity like a star in heaven.

HAVE the courage to show your respect for honesty in whatever guise it appears, and your contempt for dishonesty and duplicity by whomsoever exhibited.

How can we measure the sins of others except by our own? We know their virtues better than we do their vices, and their own vices better than our virtues. This should teach us to obey the injunction to esteem others better than ourselves.

THE greatest man is he who troubles himself the least about the verdict that may be passed upon him by his contemporaries or posterity, but who finds in doing good, honest work to the best of his ability under existing conditions its own "exceeding great reward."

MEN'S lives should be like day—more beautiful in the evening; or like summer—aglow with promise; and like autumn—rich with golden sheaves, where good deeds have ripened in the field.

Jesus Praying in the Garden.

IN the moonlit evening, after the supper, Jesus left the city, with Peter, James, and John. The rest of the disciples dreamed not of the agony of soul which Jesus endured, nor of the terrible tragedy so soon to be enacted.

The future, which was hidden from their eyes, was terribly clear to him, whose hour was at hand. His human nature shrank from the fearful ordeal. He had been accustomed to spend his nights at Bethany, in the house of Mary and Martha, but on this occasion he went no further from Jerusalem than the Mount of Olives.

At the base of the mount was an olive garden, called Gethsemane, and when they reached this place, Jesus said to his disciples, "Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder. My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death; tarry ye here and watch with me."

Then Jesus withdrew into the solitude, and poured out his supplications to the Father on high:

"O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt."

Three times Jesus repeated this prayer, while the disciples, who had promised to be most vigilant, slept on, unconscious of his need of human sympathy.

No human heart can ever know the depth of loneliness and agony that Christ endured in the garden of Gethsemane.

At length an angel from heaven appeared to comfort him, and he arose, firm and calm, to meet his doom.

ABOVE all earthly gifts a good mother stands pre-eminent; she is worth her weight in gold—more than an army of acquaintances. Those who have played round the same door-step, basked in the same mother's smile, in whose veins the same blood flows, are bound by a sacred tie that can never be broken.

A FRIEND, who loveth at all times, through evil and through good report; through sorrow unto joy; through sin and suffering unto repentance, is more beautiful than the stars in the firmament above; more to be desired than all the wealth of Golconda.

THE true spirit of religion cheers as well as composes the soul; it banishes indeed all levity of behavior, all vicious and dissolute mirth, but in exchange fills the mind with a perpetual serenity, uninterrupted cheerfulness, and an habitual inclination to please others as well as to be pleased in itself.

DON'T LOSE A MINUTE.—Keep busy. The man who has nothing to do is the most miserable of beings. If you have no regular work, do odd jobs as farmers do when it rains too hard to work in the field. In occupation we forget our troubles, and get a respite from sorrow.

A CHEERFUL temper is like a grain of musk; it imparts its fragrance to everything that comes in contact with it, yet it always remains the same.

The Crown of Thorns.

IN the morning Jesus was brought before the Sanhedrim, whose members had determined beforehand to condemn him to death. The law, however, required the testimony of two or three witnesses to convict an accused person: and although many came forward to testify against Jesus, no two agreed in their statements.

Jesus said nothing in his own defence. "He was a lamb dumb before the shearers, and he opened not his mouth."

Indignant at this silence, and the want of evidence to convict Jesus, the high-priest arose and said, "I adjure thee, by the living God, that thou tell me whether thou be Christ the Son of God."

Jesus answered, "Thou hast said." On hearing this there was a great outcry among the people. He was guilty of blasphemy, and worthy of death!

Condemned by the Sanhedrim, Jesus was taken before Pilate, the Roman governor, who should decide upon the form of punishment to be administered. It was customary to release a prisoner during the passover, the choice being left to the people. Pilate could find no fault with Jesus, and was willing to release him. But the people demanded the release of Barabbas, a robber and murderer. They clamored for the crucifixion of Jesus, and the voices of them and the chief priests prevailed.

Then the soldiers of the governor took Jesus into the common hall, and treated him with great indignity. They stripped him, and put on him a scarlet robe, and when they had platted a crown of thorns they put it upon his head, and a reed in his right hand. Then they bowed the knee before him, and mocked him, saying, "Hail, King of the Jews!" And they spit upon him, and took the reed and smote him on the head.

HE that injures another injures himself more—not in his outward estate, it may be, but in his inward manhood. He who by carelessness, by heedlessness, or by hopefulness, defrauds another by borrowing what he cannot pay, defrauds himself even more than he does that other. He may not diminish his own material possessions as he does those of his neighbor, but he diminishes the moral elements that are in him, and reduces that stock by which he is to enjoy old age in this life and Heaven in the life to come.

CHINESE MAXIMS.—Let everyone sweep the snow from his own door, and not busy himself about the frost on his neighbor's tiles. Great wealth comes by destiny; moderate wealth by industry. The ripest fruit will not fall into your mouth. The pleasure of doing good is the only one that does not wear out.

AN abundance of peace shall be multiplied unto him who is in his secret heart steadfastly resolved not to suffer from imaginary ills.

DECEPTION.—The first time a man deceives you, the fault is his; if he deceives you the second time, the fault is your own.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Music by T. Crampton.

With spirit. *mf*

All hail to thee, fair morn - ing, The first in all the year! Ere

cres. *f*

gleams the rud - dy sun - rise, We'll shout with voi - ces clear—

Chorus.

Oh! a hap - py New Year to all our friends, To all our friends so dear, To

all our friends so dear.

2.

The Old Year has departed,
With all its care and fear;
With rosy smiles to greet us,
Behold the New appear.—Cho.

3.

Then give the New Year welcome,
Companions shout amain,
For Golden Childhood's beauty
Each year doth joys enchain.—Cho.

"Suffer the Children to Come unto Me."

Music by T. Crampton.

With expression and feeling.

He smiled as He stretch'd out His arms in glad wel-come, While lit - tle ones has-tened to

press round His knee ; While He laid His kind hand on each lit - tle fair fore-head, Say - ing,

p

"Suf - fer the chil - dren to come un - to Me, Suf - fer the chil - dren to

come un - to Me."

2.

He loved them e'en then, though His heart had much sadness :
He loveth them still in their jubilant glee ;
And from heaven still does utter these sweet words of welcome,
"Oh, suffer the children to come unto Me."

3.

And when their young feet touch the waters of Jordan ;
Oh then may the children be dear unto Thee :
Take their hands, lift them up to the throne of Thy glory,
Saying, "Suffer the children to come unto Me."

The Burial of Christ.

JESUS did not find an unhonored grave. Joseph of Arimathea, although a member of the Sanhedrim, had the courage to declare boldly his attachment to Christ. As it was nearly sunset when he received permission from Pilate to remove the body, he was obliged to use great haste in order to conform to the Jewish laws.

With zeal and tenderness he performed the sacred rite, wrapping the precious body in a clean linen cloth, and embalming it with costly spices. These spices were brought by Nicodemus, who had once come to Jesus by night, and received the memorable instruction about the new birth.

Not far from Calvary was a new tomb, cut in the rock, in which no other body had ever been placed. It belonged to Joseph of Arimathea, and to this sepulcher was the Lord's body borne by his weeping followers.

Everything in nature conspired to add solemnity to the scene. The sun was low in the horizon. A deep and mysterious silence pervaded the place so recently the theater of a strange and thrilling spectacle. The dark mantle of night was folded reverently over Calvary, which still bore witness of the dreadful tragedy enacted there.

Those who had crucified the Redeemer went to their homes smiting their breasts, and fearing the vengeance of God. All the prophecies concerning Christ were fulfilled in him, who had been mocked and spit upon, and treated with cruel contempt and savage scorn.

The great stone closed the door of the sepulcher. The seal of the Roman authority was stamped upon it. Soldiers were set to guard it, lest friends should steal the body away and say that the Christ had risen. It seemed as if all the powers of evil had conspired to defeat the hopes of the coming kingdom, and to enshroud the mission of the Son of God in the blackness of darkness.

RIGHT habit is like the channel which dictates the course in which the river shall flow, and which grows deeper and deeper with each year. Right habit is like the thread on which we string precious pearls. The thread is perhaps of no great value, but, if it be broken, the pearls are lost.

HAPPINESS is like manna; it is to be gathered in grains, and enjoyed every day. It will not keep; it cannot be accumulated; nor have we to go out of ourselves or into remote places to gather it, since it has rained down from heaven at our very doors, or rather within them.

THE NEW LOVE.—It is a delightful sensation which a new passion begins to stir up within us, when the old one is not yet entirely departed. Thus at sunset, we take pleasure in seeing the moon rise on the opposite side of the heavens, and rejoice in the double splendor of both luminaries.

WISDOM AND BEAUTY.—Wisdom is the abstract of the past, while beauty is the promise of the future.

The Ascension.

THE tomb could not hold the body of the Redeemer. The sealed stone and the guard of Roman soldiers were all in vain. Before sunrise on the morning of the First Day of the Week the faithful Mary came to the sepulcher, and found it empty. Alarmed, and believing the body had been stolen, she was presently comforted by seeing the risen Lord himself, and hearing her own name spoken by him. Eagerly and gladly she told the others the good news of his resurrection. Their sorrow was now exchanged for rejoicing. The cross was no longer an emblem of disgrace, but a sign of triumph. The enemies of Jesus were put to shame, and the Redeemer, victorious over death, again walked among his chosen followers.

For forty days he remained on the earth, sometimes withdrawing himself from even his most intimate disciples; then appearing now to a few, again to many. Of the words of comfort and the assurances of love with which he cheered his followers, we have but little record.

At last he appears to his apostles in Jerusalem. He reminds them of the prophecies concerning him, and of his sufferings, his death, and his resurrection. He gives them his final charge, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel unto every creature." He assures them of his presence and his power, and promises to be with them forever.

The hour of parting has come. He has led his apostles out as far as Bethany. His benediction is upon them. While he utters its closing words he ascends to heaven. They gaze earnestly after him as a cloud receives him out of their sight.

And they worshiped him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy.

SILENT SUFFERING.—These things are often unknown to the world; for there is much pain that is quite noiseless, and vibrations that make human agonies as mere whispers in the roar of hurrying existence. There are glances of hatred that stab and raise no cry of murder; robberies that leave man and woman for ever beggared of peace and joy, yet kept secret by the sufferer.

A VACANT mind takes all the meaning out of the fairest face. A sensual disposition deforms the handsomest features. A cold, selfish heart shrivels the best looks. A mean, groveling spirit takes all the dignity out of the figure, and all the character out of the countenance. A cherished hatred transforms the most beautiful lineaments into an image of ugliness.

WE esteem in the world those who do not merit our esteem, and neglect persons of true worth; but the world is like the ocean—the pearl is in its depths, the sea-weed swims.

INDEPENDENCE.—To be really and truly independent is to support ourselves by our own exertions.

PHOTO. ELECTROTYPE
CO.

R. Worthington's New Juveni

CHATTERBOX SERIES OF JUVENILES PUBLISHED BY R. W

**** R. Worthington having bought the Plates and Copyright, etc., of the first Chatte country, would now state that he still retains all rights belonging to the same, and it has been h books of the kind in the market at the prices, as the following volumes for this season will show:*

CHATTERBOX, JUNIOR, 1881. An entirely new book, not having any illustrations or matter contained in previous years. Illustrated with nearly 200 fine pictures and pages of letter-press, etc., with highly illuminated lithograph frontispiece and cover of new design. 1 vol. 4to, ... $1 25

THE SUNDAY CHATTERBOX. Being Choice Readings for Sunday and Every Day, and interspersed with gems of Thought from the best authors. Beautifully illustrated with numerous choice engravings and colored illustrations. 4to, boards, in a cover of new design, richly printed in colors, ... 1 25

CHRISTMAS-BOX. Containing Baby Picture Primer, Baby Rhymes, Mother Goose, Santa Claus Picture Book. Beautifully bound, in oil chromo cover. Boards, ... 1 25

A GIFT FOR A GOOD CHILD. A choice selection of Stories and Pictures to suit every child. Beautifully illustrated with fine engravings and colored illustrations. Small 4to, boards, in a new cover of original design, beautifully printed in colors, ... 1 25

CHATTERBOX PICTURE BOOK. A collection of Pretty Pictures, finely engraved on superfine tinted paper, and illustrated with appropriate descriptions that will be interesting to the young folks. New colored illustrations. 1 vol., 4to, in a fancy cover, beautifully printed in colors, ... 1 25

NATURAL HISTORY CHATTERBOX. Stories and Incidents illustrating Beasts, Birds, and Fishes, and other Animal Life in Prose and Poetry, and Alphabet of Natural History. Choicely illustrated with fine engravings of the Animal World, and colored illustrations. 4to, boards, in a rich picture cover of new design, printed in colors, ... 1 25

LITTLE CHATTERBOX. Beautifully illustrated. One of the handsomest juveniles ever printed. Nearly 200 pages of illustrations and letter-press. 1 vol., 4to, illuminated lithograph cover, ... 1 25

CHATTERBOX QUARTETTE. A Medley of Charming Pictures, finely engraved, and illustrated by short Stories, Anecdotes, Poems, and Scraps of Information. In one imperial 4to vol. (double the size of the other Chatterbox Books), in a rich picture cover, printed in colors, ... 1 50

MY OWN PET'S BOOK OF BIRDS. A Selection of subjects illustrating Bird Life in every shape, and illustrated with pictures finely engraved and printed on tinted paper, with suitable description, Anecdotes, etc. In one handsome 4to vol., with cover printed in rich colors, ... 1 25

LITTLE FOLKS' PLAY BOOK. A Selection of Pretty Pictures, illustrating nearly all the favorite Out and Indoor games of the Little Folks, with appropriate descriptions in short Poems, Anecdotes, etc. 4to, bound in a fine picture cover, beautifully printed in colors, ... 1 25

LITTLE BUTTERCUP'S PICTURE BOOK. Profusely illustrated with Pretty Pictures and Alphabet, with descriptive letter-press. Small 4to, unique picture cover, printed in colors, ... 1 25

THE PEEP SHOW. A handsome volume of Amusement and Instruction for the Young. Illustrated with pictures and illuminated cover. 4to, boards, . . 1 25

THE MISCHIEF BOOK. Being the Comical Pranks and Mischievous Capers of some Merry Mischief-Makers. By the author of "Max and Maurice." Profusely illustrated. Oblong 8vo. boards, with humorous picture cover, ... 1 25

SILHOUETTES.

FROLICH'S (Karl), FROLICKS WITH SCISSORS AND PEN. A Series of Effective Pictures in black, humorous and amusing, by this celebrated artist. 4to, boards, with characteristic picture covers, ... 1 25

THE AMERICAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS. Consisting of choice Stories, Adventures, Anecdotes, Tales, Poetry, Fables, and other interesting subjects for either young or old. By some of the best modern authors. Illustrated with upwards of 500 engravings by J. E. Millais, R.A., John Pettie, R.A., and other celebrated artists. In one handsome vol., imperial 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, ... 2 50

SCRIPTURE NATURAL HISTORY FOR THE YOUNG. By the Rev. Alexander Fletcher, D.D. Illustrated with above 200 Engravings. Two volumes, small 4to. Cloth ($9.00) reduced to $3 00

MOTHER HUBBARD'S CUPBOARD. A Book of Amusement for the Young of all ages, consisting of Rhymes, Riddles, Fairy Tales, etc. Profusely illustrated. Unique colored picture boards. 4to 1 75

HORN OF PLENTY (The) of Home Poems and Pictures. By Louisa M. Allcott, Miss Muloch, Jean Ingelow, and others. With 45 full-page illustrations, by eminent artists. New edition, with additional illustrations and new Poems, etc. Small 4to, cloth, gilt side and back, 1 75

MERRY SONGS FOR MERRY SINGERS. A Collection of Choice Songs for the Young Folks. Set to Music. With numerous pretty illustrations. Small 4to, boards. Rich picture cover, ... 1 00

BABY CHATTERBOX. A Medley of Pretty Pictures, Stories, and Alphabets for the Little Ones. Beautifully illustrated with large pictures and colored frontispiece. Small 4to, picture boards, new design, finely printed in colors, ... 1 00

WHAT ROSA DID. A series of fascinating Stories of the Adventures of a very curious little girl. Profusely illustrated with spirited illustrations. Small 4to, boards, in rich and fanciful cover, printed in colors, . 75

AUNT CHARLOTTE'S NURSERY BOOK. A charming volume for the Young Folks, introducing a New Picture Alphabet and other pretty pictures, with appropriate letter-press. Small 4to, picture boards, 75

TROT'S JOURNEY. Rhymes, Stories, and Pictures, illustrated by Kate Greenaway, author of "Under the Window." Small 4to, boards, in a new and beautiful cover of Eastlake design, printed in colors, . 75

AUNT CHARLOTTE'S NURSERY BOOK. A charming volume for the Young Folks, introducing a New Picture Alphabet and other Pretty Pictures, with appropriate letter-press. Small 4to, picture boards, 75

LITTLE ROSEBUD'S MENAGERIE. A selection of Choice Pictures of Animal Life, with appropriate descriptions, consisting of short Poems, Anecdotes, and Stories, etc. 4to, picture boards, ... 75

LITTLE TOMMY TIPTOE. A brilliant Juvenile, full of Stories and Pictures. Beautifully illustrated with choice engravings. Small 4to, boards, in a new cover of pretty design, printed in colors, ... 75

BABY'S PICTURE PRIMER. Edited by EDWARD WILLETT. Illustrated, picture boards, . . . 38

THE CHILDREN'S BLACK AND WHITE PICTURE AND PAINTING BOOK, with Poems and Stories by Prudentia. Profusely illustrated, 4to, boards, colored picture cover, ... 50

——THE SAME, cloth, gilt, (elegant,) 1 00

THE CHILDREN'S OUTLINE PAINTING BOOK. Poems and Stories. Profusely illustrated in outline for coloring. 4to, boards, colored picture cover, 50

——THE SAME, cloth, gilt, (elegant,) 1 00

LITTLE PRATTLERS. Being an Elegant Juvenile *for the youngest* children. Interesting Poems and Stories. 4to, illuminated chromo cover, ... 50

BABY MINE PICTURE BOOK. With Pictures, Stories, Poems, and Silhouettes for our young children. 1 vol., 4to, chromo cover, ... 50

LITTLE BUTTERCUP PICTURE BOOK Half size of the $1.25 edition. 1 vol., 4to, ... 50

AUNT CHARLOTTE'S NURSERY BOOK. Not so large as the 75 ct. edition. 1 vol., 4to, illuminated cover, ... 50

AUNT CHARLOTTE'S PICTURE BOOKS.

Beautifully illustrated, with large page plates, handsomely printed on fine toned paper. Demy 4to, each, 25 cents.

BABY PICTURE PRIMER. Containing simple stories and sketches, with pictures. Edited by EDWARD WILLETT.

BABY RHYMES. Favorite Nursery Rhymes, with illustrations. Edited by EDWARD WILLETT.

MOTHER GOOSE. With other Poems and Stories. Illustrated.

SANTA CLAUS PICTURE BOOK. Christmas Rhymes and Stories. Illustrated.

R. WORTHINGTON, 770 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

University of Louisville Libraries
U005 00326414 0